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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

To the horror of Mr. Byles and others the Government has made one or two concessions to the Opposition this week. Mr. Lloyd George has promised to consider the question of appeals against the valuations of the Inland Revenue Commissioners. This is a most important point, and we note the alarm of Mr. Wedgwood lest the landowners should go to the judges of the High Court and get protection there from his ideal Treasury. There are some folks who talk at least as if they would like to deprive the landowners even of habeas corpus. For the old idea that a man should be tried by his peers, we suppose Mr. Wedgwood would try him by the Treasury officials. But, happily, there are Liberals who see the thing in a very different light. Mr. Buckmaster's speech on Tuesday must be valued by all who care for the liberty of the subject. It is significant that the real despots should be discovered in a little group below the Ministerial gangway.

Is the increment tax a tax on the increment or a tax on the holder of the land? This conundrum was put to the House on Monday by Mr. Warner. There seems no end to the debating ability on the Government side, and it is to be hoped Mr. Warner of Lichfield will enrich many of these Budget discussions. Lichfield has had its famous man of letters and its famous swan: it may now boast a famous political economist. According to Mr. Warner, the buyer or owner of land likely to grow in value through the growth of towns and population is "very much the same sort" of speculator as the backer of a horse or as he who deals in "gambling counters". It follows—if we have disentangled Mr. Warner's logic rightly—that the incre-

ment tax is not a tax on the person at all but on the commodity; though Heaven knows why it follows.

If the man who puts five hundred pounds into a plot of suburban land on the chance of its rising in value is a gambler, so obviously is the man who puts five hundred into a grocery or undertaker's business in a promising suburb on the chance of its rising in value. We always thought Suburbia a very dull place, but most respectable and virtuous. Radical reasoners have thrown an entirely new light on the borderlands of cities. If we are to take Mr. Warner seriously, these places are as wicked as any racecourse, very hotbeds indeed for gamblers. There was an old theory—to which Lord Robert Cecil referred the other day—that all property is simple theft. Property in the suburbs has, it seems, the added vice of gambling.

Mr. Warner was not the only signal addition to Budget debaters this week. Mr. Masterman's speech on an amendment by Mr. Pretyman on Wednesday was quite arresting. True, he did not try to give the answer to his riddle "What is the community?" but we may find this interesting and curious point in his speech: If the land of a small owner benefits through the exertions and improvements of a neighbouring large owner, the increment should go—not to the small owner, not to the large owner, it should go to the community. The community has not earned it; but never mind—this is a clear case of unearned increment so far as the small owner goes: therefore let us take the lot in the name of the community!

Observe—the energetic and enterprising man who has "earned" the whole of his neighbour's increment by building the esplanade, or whatever the improvement be, is not to have a farthing of the loot. The community is to get its bit, and we suppose the local authority—if the dividing-up ever takes place—will get its bit. These are delightful ethics.

Not everybody who talks like General Harbottle is really a Harbottle. Mealy mouths sometimes go with hard hearts—could one but read them—or the reverse. We must know our man before we judge him by his

words. Mr. Harold Cox's friends were a little staggered when they found him described in the "Times" of Wednesday as "robust". Were we asked to name a tree which Mr. Cox resembled, we would as soon name a willow as an oak. Leader writers who want the right epithet to hit off a man they know not should consult the descriptive writers at Westminster.

In the old days a Prime Minister was early and late on the scene when a great Government Bill was being hotly debated in Parliament. Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli kept this law. Palmerston kept it; and we remember a Father of the House telling us years ago how that great Minister would sit hour after hour on the front bench, following every word of the debate. Mr. Asquith is severely amending this rule—which, we are bound to say, has been somewhat amended by one or two other Prime Ministers of late years. On Tuesday Mr. Asquith strolled in towards midnight by way of change: he had not been in the House at all on Monday night. He explained his rule of conduct to the House: After long experience he has decided that it is a waste of time, is inconvenient and leads to general misunderstanding, for a Minister to intervene spasmodically "in technical and complex discussions".

So when anything technical and complex crops up in the chief Bill of the session, in the chief Bill of the Parliament, the leader of the House should get out of the House as fast as he can. (By the way, was Glasgow distress technical?) It saves time and temper. It is convenient. By hurrying away and keeping away he will spare the House general misunderstandings. It sounds quite plausible and pleasant, but where is the line to be drawn? Who will stay on the front bench—till four in the morning—when staying and "spasmodically intervening" leads to waste of time, general inconvenience? In the end it may come to this: only an Attorney- or Solicitor-General will stay, and he will confound the confusion of the Committee. Prime Ministers will enjoy longer life and better health, and there will be more elbow-room on Government benches. But may not the public vote the thing a bigger farce than ever?

Mr. Asquith's speech at Southport has brought an old, not-much-heard word into currency. "Windfall" will take the place of "efficiency", now obsolete; and it will be used till everybody gets tired of it. Since then we have heard nothing but "windfall", and the "Daily Chronicle" has promptly started a column of "Windfalls". Mr. Asquith constructs elaborate sentences, but not happily expressive words or phrases. His style is Gladstone's, not Beaconsfield's. He has not invented "windfall", he has only popularised it. Professor Pigou is the inventor of it. In a letter he told the "Times" that the Budget does not tax land but "windfalls". Mr. Asquith pounced on the word like a capitalist on a poor inventor and brings it into popular use.

Has it occurred to Professor Pigou that professors and other professional men get "windfalls" too? If there were a tax in addition to the income tax, when a professor exchanges a poor chair for one better paid, this would not be taxing professorships, would it? No; only "windfalls". Or if a clergyman is appointed to a better living, that, too, would be a tax on a "windfall", and not on livings. Professor Pigou has thought of a new word, but not a new argument, for the Budget. It does not lessen any such dangers as he himself points out. An estate, he says, owing to differences of nominal money prices, might have to pay on £20,000 when it was only worth £10,000. He even states that the portentous system of index numbers, which nobody, unless it is a political economy professor, understands, would have to be adopted.

The Irish Land Bill is now in Committee. Some of its curiosities are worth mentioning. For instance,

at this moment "the boys" and their newspapers keep Ireland in complete ignorance that the £1,000,000 promised for congestion is to be taken from the cash available for ordinary land purchase, leaving that source a fifth less, though it is already exactly a third too little for the recent rate of buying and selling. Another curiosity is the provision for compulsory sale, without any compulsion on the buyer to buy—and without any hope that the League will allow the Congests to come on to the land when it is compulsorily sold for them!

Mr. John Redmond has attributed "infamous falsehood" to Sir Horace Plunkett. It is going all over Ireland now, and the political "hooligans" will be expected to denounce the economic movement, which becomes an increasing danger to "the Cause". Mr. Redmond's charge against Sir Horace is based on a statement attributed to him which he never made. The statement appeared in the "Morning Post" interview, but by the interviewer, and clearly marked off as such from all the statements by Sir Horace.

A quartette of bye-elections. Four Liberal seats strongly held are being strenuously attacked, and the Government would be the happier no doubt if victory could be "forecasted"—the word belongs to Mr. Lloyd George and the "Times" Literary Supplement—with confidence. Unionist readiness and energy in Yorkshire, in Derbyshire, and in Dumfries have been a little disconcerting to the Radicals. Of course the Budget is much in evidence. Tariff Reform is well to the front as the Unionist alternative, and Mr. Samuel thought it necessary to bribe the miners of the Cleveland division with promises of amendment to the Eight Hours Act, which has given rise to numerous grievances. In Dumfries the American tariff has been severely felt, so that the Unionist candidate will find support among the woollen workers, and in Mid-Derby Mr. Creswell has scored a point at the very outset by his attitude on the question of religious teaching.

Lord Portsmouth's interrogation on Wednesday of the Under-Secretary for War as to the value of the Territorial Army was amusing. Until Mr. Asquith's accession to the Premiership Lord Portsmouth was the representative of the War Office in the Lords. But now that he is free from Haldane influences he has apparently been converted by Lord Roberts and his adherents. He asks two very pertinent questions. Is the Territorial Force intended to be able to meet an invasion in the absence of the striking force; and how is it anticipated they will shape, if opposed man to man by continental regular troops? He also pointed out that according to the best expert opinion a serious invasion was not only possible but was within the region of probability.

Lord Lucas, his successor in the Under-Secretaryship, very truly stated that it was difficult to answer his questions. Indeed it would have taxed even Mr. Haldane's ingenuity to frame a convincing reply. We, like many other critics of the Territorial scheme, have pointed out over and over again that the inherent weakness of the whole affair was the supposition that an enemy would kindly allow us a six months' period of grace wherein to organise the Territorial Army for its primary function of taking the field against a highly trained invader. Lord Lucas frankly admitted so much. Consequently the whole scheme is a sham. Next Monday, when Lord Roberts' Bill for compulsory national service comes up for discussion, the matter will be threshed out.

The naval manœuvres have served to show how wrong Lord Charles Beresford was as to battleships and how right as to small craft. Lord Charles Beresford belongs to the school which contends that the larger vessels are far too valuable both as regards fighting capacity, size of crews and coal expenditure to detach from a fleet for the work of scouting, for thus they are

not only liable to be absent on the day of battle, but may be captured altogether. The loss of a small cruiser of 4500 tons is relatively trifling. As to the manœuvres, it is perfectly evident that owing to scarcity of cruisers there was a great waste of armoured fighting force, so that when battle was joined last Saturday both fleets were in a depleted condition, though the manœuvres had lasted only three days. The manœuvres illustrate the immense importance of Togo tactics in keeping the armoured force intact and using unimportant small craft for scouting.

As we anticipated, the Little Navy party have quite ignored this side of Lord Charles Beresford's case, on which of course he is an authority as a tactician, and have, like Mr. Robert Harcourt M.P., concentrated on the strategical-political side, where Lord Charles Beresford is content in a war with Germany alone with sixty-six battleships to forty-one, or twenty-six Dreadnoughts to twenty-one, in March 1914. As the figures become sixty-six to seventy-five and twenty-six Dreadnoughts to thirty-three if we take in the United States as well, it is clear, both from political and strategical standpoints, without allowing for German acceleration, the Beresford programme is inadequate. The two-keels-to-one policy will give us thirty-six Dreadnoughts in March 1914 and seventy-six battleships and Invincibles, which is a far more satisfactory result.

Nothing of any particular importance came out at the inquests on Sir W. H. Curzon Wyllie and Dr. Lalca. What had happened was all too plain from the evidence of eye-witnesses, and the jury quickly returned verdicts of wilful murder. Several interesting details were given. One was why Dhangra failed to shoot himself. Dhangra in the hurry and the awkward position of pointing a revolver at his own head could not bring the necessary pressure to bear, though he was a practised revolver shot. The same thing happened with one of the Tottenham murderers, as it has also in many other cases. Another suggestion, that Dhangra had previously taken bhang, appears not unlikely to those who know India. For the murderer's purpose of blunting his sensibilities without depriving him of coolness it is a more subtle drug than alcohol.

There is something like panic in the eagerness with which the community of Indians resident here hasten to join in public expression of horror and indignation at the crime of their fellow-countryman. They need not fear that the innocent individually will suffer for the guilty. Men like H.H. Agha Khan, Sir M. Bhow-naggee, and many another do not need to protest. Neither can they expect that a body which contains persons of different degrees of loyalty or disloyalty can be accepted by the standard of the highest or acquitted collectively because it includes some who are innocent of all offence. If the resident Indian community wishes to dissociate itself collectively from all connexion with such deeds, it must begin by open repudiation of those of its own members whose acts, speeches or writings have been directly or indirectly an encouragement to violence or sedition.

The Persian revolutionaries, or nationalists, or whatever they are, have overreached themselves. Russia has had to intervene again to save both Shah and Europeans in Teheran and other cities, and, as Sir Edward Grey says, the situation is one of confusion and suspense. Not satisfied with the withdrawal of Russia from Tabriz in loyal conformity with her undertaking, the malcontents insisted that every foreign element in the Shah's service should be abolished. In other words, they wished to be free to deal with him on their own terms, and to hold every foreign interest at their mercy. The result is that Russian forces are returning in hot haste, and the Nationalists realise that the game is up. Russia is acting with British approval; and if she stays this time longer than the Persians like, the responsibility must be shared by the Shah who cannot maintain order, and the Nationalists who demand the impossible.

The man Burzeff, who got M. Loupoukhin into trouble in the Azeff affair, has denounced to the French Government M. Harting, who has been the head of the Russian secret police in Paris, as an anarchist. He declares that M. Harting is one Landesen, who was the ringleader of the conspiracy to murder Alexander III. on his visit to Paris in 1890. Landesen was not arrested, and under the name of Harting he entered the Russian secret police. The story is not believed in Paris, and it is supposed that Burzeff has concocted it now to discredit the Russian police when the Tsar visits the President at Cherbourg, as he is afraid of being expelled. M. Harting is a general in the Russian army and is an officer of the Legion of Honour. M. Clemenceau has ordered an official inquiry into an incredible story which, if it were true, would be the most extraordinary case on record of poacher turned gamekeeper.

From the accounts of the interviews and speeches in French papers of the members of the Douma, who have just left us, we fear they have not been so discreet in France as they were over here. M. Homiakoff and M. Guchkoff have both shown that a good deal of the pleasure of their visit depends on the belief that warmth towards the Russian delegates means coolness towards Germany. The intended visit to France will be used with the same idea. They dwell on the popular resentment in Russia at Germany's action in the Bosnia question. We doubt whether in such circumstances inter-parliamentary visits make for peace.

It is announced that the Labour Party have got leave to demonstrate against the Tsar in Trafalgar Square on Sunday, 25 July. This seems contemptibly feeble in the Government. Sir Edward Grey suppressed the objecting Labour members with little ceremony in the House, and now the Government allow them to insult the Tsar publicly in Trafalgar Square just before his arrival in England. It is hardly decent. The Government are much more to be blamed than the Labour Party, most of whom do not know any better. They know nothing about the Tsar or about Russia. We can hardly believe that Mr. Bernard Shaw, though announced, is going to be one of the performers in this company. No man knows better than he that British indignation at Russian policy, especially in social questions, is either ignorance or hypocrisy.

Government servants have always had the privilege of snubbing the general public. Post Office clerks, especially the ladies, at one time seemed inclined to abuse the privilege. We believe there has been an improvement, and there is less of the aggravating indifference and condescension, youthful and more often feminine, which the Postmaster-General still mildly reproves in his little lecture on "Civility at the Public Counter". Maybe the girl behind the post-office counter might have something to say on the manners of the public she serves. The woman customer and the woman clerk intensely dislike each other, and complaints come more from women than from men. Shopgirls dare not show their annoyance as freely as women postal clerks dare, though they have much worse provocation.

We feel pretty sure the Government is not to be blamed for the meanness of granting £25 a year to the grandchildren of Charles Dickens. Many harsh words must be spoken in party spirit; it must always be the custom in a country where government by party exists; but we believe that the leading men in the Government would be generous, not mean, in dealing with a case like this. The whole Civil List is paltry enough—a scrap or a pittance to authors who spend their health and heart in writing books that are to the public good; or a scrap of a still minuter pittance perhaps here and there to the widows and children of these workers in the barren fields of literature! The Civil List in its meagreness is a disgrace to this great and wealthy country.

Fancy the contempt that Civil servants must have for it! They, at any rate, do get respectable pensions for

their work. They, at any rate, do get such pay as enables them to carry on their public work. But there are hundreds of writers of good, unremunerative books who serve the public well if anybody in the world serves it so. Surely the State should recognise their work and worth, and help them, seriously help them to live—and die—in moderate comfort. The Civil List might be large enough for some country like Switzerland or Finland. It is grotesque when applied to literature and learning in this country.

Lord Curzon's speech on the opening of the new science buildings of S. Paul's School on Wednesday was most happy. It is no small thing for a speaker to be felicitous under rain; but rain could not damp the zest with which Lord Curzon was listened to. He seemed himself to be in good spirits, which perhaps stimulated his ridicule of modern English pessimism. He may be quite right in suggesting that this self-depreciation, which is now writ large in our newspapers, has a good deal of cant in it. Certainly to be dejected because we lose a cricket match or two or a boatrace is childish, but there is very little harm in a chastened mood. We are more likely to suffer by over-rating ourselves than by self-bellittlement. That is not at all the Anglo-Saxon way.

Especially in education are we now questioning ourselves and our ways. Yet, Lord Curzon pointed out, foreign countries are sending over here to find out our ways. What is the secret, they want to know, of our public school and University life? Whence its influence on character? Certainly they will hardly find outside of this country any parallel to S. Paul's School. A day-school that with perhaps greater intellectuality combines the dominant characteristics of the social life of the great public boarding-school is a wonderful growth. The outcome of the New Learning, on the whole the noblest reform movement in history, S. Paul's School has not fallen below its birth. Lord Curzon rightly, indeed, put in the forefront of his speech a graceful allusion to Mr. F. W. Walker, the famous High Master, perhaps the greatest schoolmaster of the day. If S. Paul's School can keep up to the standard of its recent past it will do well enough. We could wish it nothing better on its quatercentenary.

Lake Champlain and Ticonderoga are names of picturesque significance in the story of American discovery and the hundred and fifty years' struggle for empire between France and England. The lake was the first link unconsciously forged in the great chain by which France ultimately hoped to hem in the English settlements between the Alleghanies and the sea; it was the initial step in exploration, after the occupation of Quebec, which led the French under men like La Salle from Canada to Louisiana. At Ticonderoga Montcalm routed Abercromby, and, but for Amherst and Wolfe and British sea power, might have overrun New England. The tercentenary celebrations this week have been the excuse for an outburst of rhetoric. Mr. Root surpassed himself, exclaiming that only Britons and French had the audacious courage needed for expansion across the Atlantic. The Spaniards never got to America, did they?

Miss Lind-af-Hageby's anti-vivisection procession to Hyde Park is a striking demonstration. It discovers her movement in the true light. This vulgar sensationalism, these methods of electioneering claptrap, would not be needed if there were any reality in these people's humanitarian claims. Apparently in desperation they are now turning to ignorant prejudice for sympathy. It is well the police have stopped the exhibition of some of their offensive banners. Kindness to animals does not need this sort of advocacy. Sane anti-vivisectionists should hasten to repudiate Miss Lind-af-Hageby's methods. Really the public has to put up with too much from hysterical women and their street nuisances in these days.

THE TRAP TO CATCH THE LORDS.

THE broad lines of the Finance Act, its unjust and unworkable land taxes, its crushing death duties, and its ruinous proposals to extinguish the liquor trade, are now familiar to the public. Its details are being laboriously threshed out, in the teeth of overwhelming odds and under the pitiless application of the closure, by the Unionist party in the House of Commons. The technical points raised in Committee are too difficult for the man in the street to follow: but everyone who has anything to lose is deeply indebted to every member of the present Opposition and to Mr. Harold Cox—and Mr. Buckmaster—for their conduct in Parliament. While, however, the financial proposals of the Government are being one by one stripped of justification, the hidden and deeper side of the Budget is still concealed from the attention of the country. The Budget is in reality a political conspiracy, a pre-meditated and carefully prepared design to destroy the power of the second chamber to amend or reject the Bills of the first chamber. Indeed, it has been admitted to be so by the Prime Minister, and we are astonished that Mr. Asquith's speech about the use of finance as a weapon to solve constitutional problems has not been made greater use of by the leaders of the Opposition. Every member of the House of Commons is now perfectly aware that the question has resolved itself into one of political manœuvring—how to manœuvre the House of Lords into a false or dangerous position, and then to appeal to the masses against the Constitution. This is an exciting game for the players: we only wish the stakes were not other people's money. The Government and their supporters believe that if they can only get the House of Lords to amend the Finance Act by deleting the clauses relating to the taxation of land, or to reject it on the ground that these clauses ought to be embodied in a separate Bill, the Lords will be caught in a trap, as then the Radicals can say to the electors, You see, the peers only care about their own dirty acres!

The trap is cunningly laid, and can only be avoided by courage on the part of the House of Lords, courage based on confidence in the justice and common-sense of the nation. The Lords should in the first place clearly and unequivocally state that though they have waived they have never renounced their constitutional right to amend as well as to reject every Bill sent up to them by the House of Commons. "Autres temps, autres mœurs"; and the statements made by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour about the interference of the Lords with Finance Bills ought not to be binding in face of a revolutionary conspiracy to mine the Constitution and to redistribute property upon socialistic principles. Having explicitly and boldly asserted their constitutional position, whether the Lords should amend or reject the Finance Bill must be a matter of strategy, and Lord Lansdowne must show that he can manœuvre as well as Mr. Lloyd George. But of one thing we are quite sure, that whether amendment or rejection be decided on, the grounds for the action of the House of Lords should not be the clauses relating to the taxation of land alone. The small class which pays income tax has, unwisely and indeed cruelly in our judgment, come to be regarded as fair game for every tax-hunting Chancellor of the Exchequer, and nothing will, we suppose, be done for the reputed rich. But the Unionist party is bound, by expediency and justice, to protect the brewers and their shareholders and their tenants, as well as the consuming public, from the bankruptcy which would follow the imposition of anything like the proposed licence duties. Nor ought the death duties (really the most serious tax of all) to be excluded from the purview of the revising chamber. To sum up, the opposition of the House of Lords should be to the land taxes, the licence duties, and the death duties, not to the land taxes alone. We do not underrate the practical inconvenience of amending or rejecting the Budget in the late autumn: it will be very great. But the inconvenience will be the fault of the Government, not of the House of Lords. You cannot defeat a revolu-

tion without inconvenience, any more than you can make an omelette without breaking eggs.

Here is a sketch of what may take place in the next few months, according to some who are not ill informed. The House of Lords will refuse to read the Finance Act a second time for reasons which will be elaborately set forth. A conference of the two Houses of Parliament will be held at which the points of difference will be discussed. The Finance Act amended to meet in some respects the Lords' objections will be sent up to the second chamber, and presumably passed by them. The Government will then remain in for the session of 1910 and go to the country at the beginning of 1911. This forecast squares with the often-declared Radical intention not to allow the Lords to dictate a dissolution. The concessions of the Government would be based on the great practical inconvenience of not carrying the Budget, and as a set-off to the triumph of the Lords the Government would obtain a fresh lease of life and a new grievance against the peers. According to another theory, Mr. Lloyd George may wish to risk a dissolution in order to get rid of his pledge about Welsh disestablishment. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been forced by the Welsh members, much against his will, to promise that the next session shall be devoted to the Bill for disestablishing the Church in Wales, and the Prime Minister has endorsed the pledge. No one knows better than Mr. Lloyd George that the fifth session devoted to Welsh disestablishment would be very bad electioneering business. There is no enthusiasm for disestablishment, even amongst the Radicals, and the Lords would throw out the Bill. It would therefore be a session wasted on an unpopular subject merely to please the Welsh members, between whom and the Chancellor of the Exchequer there is little love lost. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, who dominate the Cabinet, may think the time has come to disembarass themselves of Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Haldane, and for that object a few years in Opposition would be the very thing. These conjectures as to the future course of politics during the next few weeks may be moonshine, but the people who make them are better informed than the leader-writers of the "Times". Nothing is more absurd than the airy omniscience with which the "Times" lectures and dogmatizes and dismisses everything but its own opinion as "nonsense". The directors and leader-writers of the "Times" know just as little and just as much what is going to happen as any other interested and ordinarily well-informed person. Nobody knows what course Lord Lansdowne is going to take, for the excellent reason that Lord Lansdowne cannot know either. Nobody knows what line the peers as a body may take, for the same reason. The House of Lords is composed of independent English gentlemen who see, or believe that they see, in the Finance Act not only their own destruction but the sacrifice to the socialists of all that makes England a great country—its social, political and commercial interests. Possessed by this conviction—the sound instinct of a class trained by centuries of government—who shall say what view of their duty may be taken by the peers? We know that there is a growing feeling among a not inconsiderable number of peers that if they pass this Budget, it would be far better to abolish the House of Lords and replace it by an elective Senate on the model of the United States. Democracy would certainly not gain by that change, as American politicians who have been "up against" their Senate could tell us. But for the scribes of Fleet Street to lecture the Lords on their duty is a piece of fatuity of which the silliness is only surpassed by the presumption. Undoubtedly the event will be greatly influenced by such bye-elections as may take place between now and October.

TROUBLE IN EGYPT.

WE fear that there is trouble brewing in Egypt, and trouble due not to outside intrigue or interference but to the mistakes of our own administrators. A good deal of apprehension was excited at one time by

the idea that the Young Turks might encourage the so-called Nationalist party, but, to do them justice, they took a very different line when they were asked to support Egyptian aspirations. The Nationalists were told that they had an excellent government and should be thankful. Neither have the agitations in Morocco or the missionaries of Pan-Islamism anything to answer for in the development of difficulties which threaten to become serious. Whatever may come out of the existing muddle, we shall have no one but our own officials to thank for it. The home Government, which may be at the present moment insufficiently informed, will do well to take steps betimes to avert worse trouble than that which already exists and to remedy the evils that have grown up in the last two years.

It is quite true that these evils have not altogether originated since Lord Cromer's departure. In fact he himself indicated some of them in his valedictory report. He pointed out that respect for the law was dwindling, though the contrary result might have been expected from the definite establishment of a strong and just government. Unfortunately this evil has grown and strengthened under the present régime, and if the latest statistics as to undiscovered criminals and unpunished crime (often murder) were published they would shock and disturb the public mind. The reasons advanced by Lord Cromer for this unfortunate condition of things in his report were that witnesses dared not or would not speak the truth. The less the protection of British force is apparent the less frequently will the native dare to offend others by coming forward. Under the present régime the tendency is more and more to eliminate the European judicial element and substitute natives. This is true of all the posts in the administration, but its effects are becoming most disastrously evident in the department known as the Parquet. This institution, which roughly corresponds to the office of our Public Prosecutor, has a much greater analogy with the functions of the Procureur-Général in France and his subordinates. The elimination of British supervision in these departments is having disastrous consequences in the increase of crime and the immunity of its perpetrators. In these matters slackness and lack of vigilance are unfortunately too evident in every direction, though the reimportation of a British official has been found in a month or two to restore the tone of a district. The fact is that the police will not act for lack of encouragement. Like all Oriental officials, they will move readily enough if supported and encouraged, but their natural tendency is to let things slide, and, unless very sure of protection, they will not be in a hurry to stir up trouble. On the other hand, if they are pressed to show results they will not be scrupulous as to the methods by which they secure convictions before a native judge. The belief in the justice of British authority and its determination to punish crime justified the attempt to institute civilised methods of administering justice in Egypt. The result of the present policy has already undermined that belief. The wholesale manner in which high native officials are being allowed to pack the Parquet with other natives and the reckless methods by which native judges are being placed everywhere in responsible situations are rapidly obscuring the idea of British supervision in the mind of the mass of the people.

It is very difficult for the impartial observer not to infer that the native judge is falling into the common Oriental habit of taking bribes. This is easy to infer, but difficult to prove. In any case there is no doubt as to the delight of the Fellaheen when an Englishman is on the bench. Not long ago when an Englishman on a tour of inspection was sitting beside a native judge he was embarrassed by a native shouting to the crowd outside, "God be thanked!—an Englishman is sitting to-day", the statement being welcomed by shouts of joy. Even if neither corrupt nor unfair, the native judge is almost certain to treat the majority of suitors or prisoners with contempt and discourtesy. This tendency is checked and discouraged where European supervision is strict and constant as in India; where it is the deliberate policy to leave the native to act for himself, and British control is palpably

weakening, the tendency will and does develop and flourish.

The evil in this matter at present is not even that British officials are too scarce to do the work that is required, but that many of them are not employed upon the work of supervision which is so urgently required, and sit in their offices in enforced idleness. The idea apparently is to allow the natives to work out their own salvation or damnation unimpeded. To teach the native to govern himself is a worthy ideal, and it has been the aim of all the best English statesmen who have controlled the destinies of Egypt; but, as in all enterprises, there is a right and a wrong way of conducting the experiment. The right way is being tried in the Soudan. The present system in Egypt is to obtain the approval of the upper classes and the Khedive and ignore the mass of the population. This is a scheme that has advantages. The official and educated classes are vocal, very vocal, while the masses are dumb. The former can get at the Foreign Office and Parliament, the poor cannot. Therefore so long as the so-called Nationalists are pleased, Englishmen will hear little of the complaints of the Fellaheen. But after all it is by the well- or ill-being of the mass of the people that British rule in Egypt will be judged by history. The Nationalists care nothing for the lower classes. It is British control of the country that stands between the plutocrats and officials and the people, whom they oppressed before we arrived on the scene, and they have never forgiven us. Into the hands of this class, from the Khedive downwards, Sir Eldon Gorst has played deliberately ever since he was put into Lord Cromer's place. It is quite true that he went out to Egypt with instructions to give the natives progressively as large a share in the administration as possible, but he has been exaggerating the scope of his mandate in a fashion that we are sure Sir Edward Grey could never have intended. But unhappily if the Nationalists and the British representative are working together, there can be little chance either for the mass of the Egyptian people or the less important British officials to make their voices heard. No official would dare to compromise himself with a chief whose diplomatic tact is great but in whom magnanimity has never been a distinguishing trait. Unfortunate, like his distinguished father, he inspires anything rather than confidence among his subordinates. Men cannot do their best when experience tells them they cannot trust their chief.

The approval of the Egyptian beys, pachas, and plutocrats makes things easy for a high official, and the Khedive, who is a born intriguer, will not intrigue against him personally, which also makes things pleasant for the Government at home. But it may be well to remember that this Nationalist class is bitterly hated by the masses. When they go home to their country houses, they shut themselves up after dark for fear of being shot. These men will hardly hesitate to free themselves of their enemies if they can use their official positions for the purpose. It would appear to be the policy of the Consul-General to give them that opportunity at once and on a large scale. A measure is being prepared, and we believe is now before the Legislative Council in Egypt, authorising the Government to deport without trial thousands of persons stigmatised as dangerous characters. The lists have been drawn up, almost entirely, by leading natives, who have very naturally put upon them their personal enemies. The total number of names is said to be as many as twenty thousand. This of course must be greatly reduced before any sanction could be hoped for from the Foreign Office or the Cabinet, but the mere contemplation or possibility of such a move is enough to condemn the present régime. The policy pursued by Sir Eldon Gorst of exalting the native official class on every occasion and minimising British control, of flattering the Khedive and the plutocrats, stands convicted by the action of the Egyptian Government itself of glaring and egregious failure. Deportation without trial may be defended in a few specific and well-guarded instances, as in India, but only in analogous and limited

cases. The measure now maturing in Egypt is indeed a brilliant object-lesson in the policy of "Egypt for the Egyptians" as understood by Sir Eldon Gorst. Two years of its application have led the Egyptian Ministry to recognise that it has engendered such discontent and disloyalty that nothing but the most stringent act of irresponsible despotism can save the situation. But it would be unfair to blame the native Ministry or the home Government for what is happening. Sir Eldon Gorst is alone really responsible, and it is incredible that the Foreign Secretary can be properly informed as to the strange developments Sir Eldon has thought fit to give to his instructions.

One thing is quite clear. If a healthy state of things is to be restored in Egypt, Sir Eldon Gorst must be relegated without delay to another sphere of usefulness. It is true he was no great success as Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, but there is more than one great capital where his undoubted gifts for diplomacy might be well and safely employed. Unfortunately Cairo is not one of them.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATION.

WHEN a murder such as that of Sir Curzon Wylie is committed, we shed tears or hold up our hands or curse, according to the way we are made; and with some such emotional vent we are content. It is indispensable, no doubt, this outburst; it is right; but is it ever enough? Is it enough now? Here is a young man born and bred in a land under English rule, educated according to English methods, a student finally in the capital of the Empire. English thought must necessarily have exercised a tremendous influence upon his mental and moral development; and as a result he kills a distinguished servant of the State to whom he had never spoken and of whose work he knew but little. Whereupon we, who can by no means be free from responsibility, are horrified that such things should be.

Is there anything wrong with English thought as to political assassination? On principle the average Englishman will maintain that murder is always murder, and therefore abominable. Unhappily however principle is seldom allowed to appear. The English have a dislike for generalisations; they prefer to consider every case on its merits. And when a political assassination is considered on its merits, extenuating circumstances emerge which gradually come to dominate the situation. It was an evil deed, but—and the "but" is emphasised—it was done in a good cause. A blow has been struck for liberty, as the phrase goes. Let us forget the means in the end; let us even glorify the deed in the light of the result. Or, maybe, apart from all question of political beliefs, the victim himself was some infamous wretch, crime-stained, vice-stained, loathsome and deservedly loathed. We thank God that the world is rid of a monster and write the name of his murderer on the roll of the heroes of history. Condonation of this sort is common enough. With a vague idea of the facts, most chime in with the praise of Harmodius and Aristogeiton and Brutus and Cassius. All the casuistry of sentiment has been brought into play in favour of Charlotte Corday, and a political murderess is held up as one of the noblest types of womankind. To come to our own day, our way of thinking is admirably illustrated by the tolerance bordering on approval which has been extended to the perpetrators of anarchist outrages in Russia. The victim was assumed either to have been justly punished for his own crimes or to have paid the penalty for the oppressive system of government of which he was the representative. The murderer, should he succeed in making good his escape, could be sure of a comfortable home in London. Such condemnation as was expressed was equally casuistical. It was said that the Russian bureaucracy had obtained too firm a hold to be shaken by sporadic outrages; that the method was clumsy and calculated to defeat its own ends. It was never boldly said, This is murder and an accursed thing. In fact,

as a people we are practically prepared to tolerate political assassination in the concrete. We make exceptions to the rule so numerous that they can be classified, and so important that in effect they outweigh the rule itself altogether. The result is seen in the writings of Mr. Krishnavarma. In defending assassination as a political weapon that person is able to urge with some justice that he is only generalising from the verdicts of some of our historians or carrying to their logical conclusion the doctrines of our philosophers.

It is curious, this English tolerance of murder, curious not because it is immoral but because it is unnatural. For it runs contrary to the whole trend of European thought. Western philosophy has always been characterised by the stress which it has laid upon the sanctity of human life. Guided by this principle Europe has worked out its political evolution, and we ourselves, who in this matter have been the most Western of the Westerns, have banished efficient autocracy in favour of a free life in a free state. The Oriental, on the other hand, being more tolerant of that power of life and death which marks all despotisms, lives under them to this day. And yet in our attitude towards political assassination we are approximating to the Oriental point of view and denying the very principle which more than anything else has brought the British Constitution into existence. The inconsistency is too great to be explained by the fact that we were always an illogical people. The real cause lies deeper. Our tolerant attitude towards the murder of tyrants and villains is symptomatic of the general tone of nineteenth-century thought. Tom Paine, Bentham, Mill, Spencer, and indeed all the representatives of the thought of their day, have glorified the value of the individual judgment. Great were the achievements and unbounded the capacities of the untrammelled mind. The bold free intellect of the investigator could formulate the laws of Nature, could pry into all things on the earth or in the waters beneath it, could comprehend the mysteries of the universe and criticise God Himself. There was a crusade against authority whether in Church or State. The traditions of centuries were broken and cast aside. Nothing was to be allowed to impose shackles on man's freedom of thought or of action. Hence it was that principles were banished. Every case was to be considered on its merits, and one man's view was as good as another's. In practice this worked very well at first. Traditions continue to exercise their influence, though nominally disregarded, and tradition saw to it that the private judgments of individual Englishmen coincided on all important matters. But observe the effect of bringing an alien into this intellectual atmosphere. He is in very truth a free being, uncontrolled by the influence of a past in which he has had no share. He strikes out a line for himself, and when called upon to defend his conduct claims that it is justified at the tribunal of his own conscience. What reply can the individualist make to such a plea as this? He is answered out of his own mouth.

There is indeed but one reply possible. It takes the form of an assertion of authority, an enunciation of a principle. We say that murder is wrong under every form, wrong because it is utterly subversive of the social instinct which cannot find scope where there is no security and a man's hand may at any moment be raised against his fellow. It is of course possible to deny the existence of this social instinct. It is equally possible to deny the existence of the law of gravitation; but the man who does so will assuredly get hurt. And in just the same way the man who commits an outrage against the law of social fellowship will get hurt. He will find society crumbling to pieces about him. All history endorses this view. It is not an accident that Aristotle, living amongst those who worshipped the memory of tyrannicides, found himself compelled to devote a whole book to the study of revolutions; nor that Augustus, given a free hand to save the world from the anarchy into which the murder of Cæsar had plunged it, erected a system which turned out to be far more autocratic than anything which his uncle had planned; nor that Napoleon, called upon to put an end to a state

of things in which murder had become the rule, established a cast-iron administrative despotism which no subsequent revolutionary has had either the power or the courage to overthrow. Such penalties must be paid. A sin against society recoils, if not on the sinner, at any rate on the people who have tolerated his sin. That lesson is one we ourselves have need to take to heart. We have trifled with the law. Our casuists have elaborated exceptions and qualifications; our philosophers have subordinated principles to the individual judgments; our poets have exalted murder as the handmaid of freedom. And now our self-satisfaction has received this tremendous shock. In the very building which Empire has called into existence a deed has been perpetrated which deals defiance not merely at British imperial rule but at any form of rule whatever. And the most terrifying reflection of all is that the blame for what has been done lies largely on our own heads.

MR. BIRRELL'S FINANCE.

MR. BIRRELL'S Irish comedy is to be revived this week at Westminster, in three acts, "Money", "Purchase", and "Congestion"; but money will take all the time they can give to this Bill for many a long day.

The excessive success of the Wyndham scheme was the cause of its failure, with land sold at the rate of about ten millions a year beyond the Treasury provision for it, and with a "bonus" of 12 per cent. to encourage sales at the expense of the taxpayer over and above the sale price. The person legally empowered to sell got the whole of the bonus, though he might not be the real owner, which naturally brought many insolvent and vicarious estates into the gamble, farther extending the success that made the failure, until we got a total of £53,000,000 worth of land sold and no money to pay for it. All this land was sold for cash, and now it is to be paid for in paper, on conditions that make it quite impossible for the seller to know what he can realise in cash when he finally parts with his land and puts his paper on the market. The absence of effective government has an influence on the value of property, and if we take the 12 per cent. bonus as the measure of the difference, then the price of Irish crime to the taxpayer under this head alone is a total of £12,000,000, apart from the selling price of the land and apart from any additional concessions to crime in the future. It was felt at the time that if the Government could not stop crime the taxpayer ought to provide the difference which it made in the price of land, and so the bonus of 12 per cent. was enacted, probably not enough to meet the minus value in property, though it stimulated sales so far beyond the £5,000,000 a year which was the statutory obligation of the Treasury.

As sale went up, the value of Land Stock went down, until we find it now at a discount of more than 14 per cent.; but the bonus of 12 per cent. must be added to realise the proper magnitude of the agrarian slump, since the taxpayer would have to make good the whole 26 per cent. in respect of any estate now sold under the Wyndham Act. This is 26 per cent. on the purchase money, and in addition to it. The man selling under the Wyndham Act is entitled to cash, not paper; so that if he sold £100 worth of land to-day, with the paper at 85-6, he would have to get £126 worth of Land Stock, registering that liability against the taxpayer, who in return can get back from the purchasing peasant only the £100. The £12 worth of bonus and the £14 worth of slump remain to be met by the taxpayer as an absolutely unsecured charge, apart from the selling price of the land, which, in addition, has its own uncertainties. Of course the policy of organised crime encouraged by "government in accordance with Irish ideas" had its effect on the Land Stock as well as on the price of the land; and the Irish county councils have flatly refused to meet their statutory share of the slump, while triumphantly organising the crime contributing to it. Is it not time that the taxpayer opened his eyes to his increasing liabilities in this statutory

combination of crime and land purchase? We do not question that purchase must proceed, at least until a majority of the new owners find themselves strong enough and wise enough to insist on peace in the interest of their new possessions; but is it fair to the taxpayer to extend the confusion just now, under a Government that makes the process unnecessarily expensive at every point? An addition to the Wyndham provision of more than £80,000,000 is demanded, and demanded by the very men who, laughing at crime, have so obviously contributed to the unnecessary increase.

To get out of that puzzle, Mr. Birrell proposes this: The peasant is to pay for the crime organised by his leaders an increase of 5s. per cent. in the purchase annuity; and the same 5s. increase is to be handed on by the Irish Land Commission to the Treasury for the use of the purchase money, as an increased margin to meet slumps. That is the tenant's share towards making ends meet; and now let us see the landlord's. Cash purchase stops at the discretion of the Treasury. The landlord is to get paper for his land, guaranteed against slumping down to 92, a difference of £8 per cent. plus, to be borne by the taxpayer, apart from the price of the land; but the guarantee against slumping does not go below 92, and the landlord has to meet the unknowable remainder out of his purchase money. Will he? The landlord's bonus also is to be transformed. Instead of the level 12 per cent. on all sales, there is to be a "sliding scale", falling as the sale price of the land rises in terms of "years' purchase". The two extremes within which the bonus "slides" are fixed in figures, from 17 up to 24. At 25 there is no bonus, but it rises from 3 per cent. at 24 years' purchase to 16 per cent. at 18 years' purchase. The man who sells £100 worth of land for 24 times the rent gets £103, and it "slides" in proportion until the man who sells £100 worth of land for 18 times the rent gets £116. Mr. Redmond got 24½ for his own, plus 12 per cent. bonus. We will leave the landlord to think it out for himself, adding merely the terse opinion of Judge Ross, who presides over the Land Court in Dublin: "The sliding scale is a joke".

Now comes a sliding scale of a vastly more important kind, not provided by Mr. Birrell, but arising directly on his paper proposals. The market value of the paper is not to be secured against slumping below 92; but the present stock, on Mr. Wyndham's cash basis, is down within a fraction of 85. Can the new paper fare better at Throgmorton Street, with Mr. Birrell's government by "Irish ideas" encouraging crime in Connaught? Assuming the new stock at the same price, the selling landlord stands to lose every penny of the difference between 92 and 85. His loss on the £100 worth of land sold graduates from £1 when the paper sells at 91, to about £8 10s. when it sells at 84, which is only about 1½ below the present ruling of the present stock. On the average quotations for several months, the landlord stands to lose £6 to £7 on every £100 of his purchase money. Before selling he may, of course, try to meet this by exacting an increase in the "years' purchase" from the tenant; but, on the other hand, assuming sales much extended, the increase of the paper on the market must tend to depress its selling price in proportion, until a point is reached at which the landlord can sell no more, and the whole business is automatically stopped. The ingenious idea behind this part of the scheme seems to be an automatic brake on the purchase machine, so that the landlord may stop selling to restore the market price of the paper when he finds himself putting enough of it on the market to increase the slump beyond the loss that he can bear. The trick is quite clever, and the working of it would give a new interest to the dreary routine of financial method—if it worked at all. At the same time it is more like the calculation of a bookmaker than the insight of a statesman, allowing for the fullest responsiveness of the Irish character to speculative appeal and sporting uncertainty.

There are several hard facts against the chances of the landlord getting an increased price from the tenant

to meet a slump in the paper below 92. The Estates Commissioners are empowered to decline a sale if they think the land is not security for the price agreed by the landlord and the tenant, a reservation which has often been exercised already, and for which the need would be increased by any increase in the prices stipulated. Then we have Mr. Birrell's Irish allies and their League organised and pledged to prevent the landlord getting a penny more on his sales than he gets now.

This statutory experiment in paper purchase applies to future sales, and the landlord has at least the use of his faculties still left him for self-defence; but the real hardship is in the attempt to apply it also to the £53,000,000 worth of land already sold without money to pay for it. Every sod of this was sold for cash, so that the seller knew exactly what he expected for his land when he closed the bargain; but now that bargain is to be virtually broken, and instead of cash the seller is asked to accept paper, the value of which no man can estimate beyond the fact that agrarian paper at least as good is now at a discount that means a net sacrifice of £6 10s. to £8 on every £100 of the £53,000,000. This paper panacea is offered as an "option" to the landlord who has sold, which looks fair until we examine the alternative: to wait his chance for cash liquidation, which might give him his money some time about the year 1921—it would take at least twelve years to work off the arrears at the recent rates of purchase and payment. The choice is between impossible paper and impossible patience. Can Mr. Birrell be in earnest? There is talk of amendments in Committee, and we must await these for final judgment. It is hard enough to anticipate the practical value of an Irish Land Act even at that.

THE GAMBLER WITHIN THE GATE.

THE news that M. Marquet, the proprietor of the Ostend Casino, has won his appeal in the Belgian superior Courts, and may now resume gambling at Ostend in peace and comfort, will cause a little mild amusement to the majority of people in this country, coupled with some wonder as to how much in bribes the judgment cost the appellant and under what heading such disbursements appear in the Casino balance sheet. The undertaking in question is still, we presume, a company, with M. Marquet and his distinguished friend and ally, the King of the Belgians, as its chief shareholders. It is not a matter for pride to reflect that a famous English statesman and a well-known English financier were among the founders and first shareholders of the business; but that unfortunate incident is, we are glad to remember, past history.

We are certainly not among those who regard the reopening of this pestilent gambling hell with equanimity. Fortunately the respectability of our own country, coupled with its unrecognised depths of common-sense, and with a good deal of luck thrown in, have combined so far to keep us singularly free from temptations to mere gambling. The sporting, open-air business of English racing is a totally different matter. The gaming-tables of German baths have been shut up; those at French pleasure resorts have been reduced to childish games such as *petits-chevaux*, except at Aix-les-Bains, where *baccarat* is still allowed; and the two great gambling clubs of Paris, the Jockey Club and the Cercle de la Rue Royale, are, of course, private establishments. So far as this country is concerned—and in dealing with temptations to vice it is a case of every man for himself and every country for its own inhabitants—fate could not have been kinder. Scotland Yard in London and the detective forces of all our large provincial towns hear of gaming establishments before the decorators have finished painting the ceilings, and "raid" them and shut them up exactly when it suits official convenience. So a man goes to play there with the uncomfortable certainty—or at any rate a good "10 to 1 on" chance—that his friends will see his name sooner or later in a police-court narrative. A journey to Aix-les-Bains or Monte Carlo costs a sum of money and takes an amount of time

which put both places out of the range of ordinary common temptations. At any rate, a man who goes to either of these places for the purpose of gambling can hardly complain that temptation has been thrust in his way. Other nations have kindly carried out for our benefit the advice of the famous French Chef de la Sureté: "Keep gambling at the greatest possible distance; make access to it as difficult and costly as possible; then regulate it with the most iron law and the sternest police force, when you have got the thing, so to speak, with its back against the wall at the farthest possible extremity of the earth".

But Ostend is another matter. Here you have a place within five or six hours' journey and a few shillings fare of London; a public, ill-managed, vice-pervaded gambling hell of the most infamous description, with all the scandals and shames of Monte Carlo about it, and without any of the rigid financial honesty and strict outward decency which are maintained there. Moreover, we understand that the chief hotel in the place is opening a second baccarat establishment in its building, access to which will be equally free under the same childish farce of "election". We do not know whether the hotel has "squared" M. Marquet and the King of the Belgians; if not, we shall recall hopefully the proverb which tells us that honest men gain "when thieves fall out". But the hotel in question is a very wealthy establishment; and neither of the two gentlemen mentioned is likely to have overlooked such an obvious source of blackmail.

The English authorities are, of course, perfectly helpless in the matter. No Government could condescend to offer remonstrances of the usual diplomatic kind to King Leopold, and threats would be unavailing. There is nothing to be done except what can be and, we are convinced, will be done by all decent-minded Englishmen, give Ostend as wide a berth as they would give to a fever hospital. There is nothing except the gambling which could take anybody there. As a route into Northern and Central Europe the Dover-Ostend journey, with its slow, rickety boats and miserable, exposed landing-stage and platforms at Ostend, is beneath notice. The Ostend hotels are among the dearest and most uncomfortable in the world; its bathing machines "de luxe", with their sofas, lace-covered dressing-tables, silver looking-glasses and hair brushes, and charge of ten francs for the morning, tell you without further words the class of lady who uses them; and the drain odours of the town, humorously described by the inhabitants as ozone, are—well, they are easily distinguishable from the ozone of other health resorts. It is inconceivable that any decent-minded Englishman should continue to regard such a town as a fit place for the summer holidays of himself and his family. But we wish to make a further suggestion to such a man. When he goes there for a bachelor week-end, he is contributing largely to the maintenance of gambling rooms for young and less wealthy Englishmen of the middle class, whose unsupported patronage could not possibly maintain such an establishment. Does he wish to do that? Would the extra hours and railway fare of a journey to Aix-les-Bains or Monte Carlo seriously trouble him? And, to introduce a lower and more commercial consideration, do not all of us know business and private friends who, if they take to gambling, will involve ourselves in some very troublesome negotiations?

There is one more point connected with the kingdom of Belgium which is accentuated by the present impudent proceedings of M. Marquet, but has been forcing itself into prominence for some years past. How much longer will English parents regard Brussels and its neighbourhood as a proper place to which they may send their children for educational purposes? Fight as it may against such fate, a country cannot help taking its tone from its rulers; and, in spite of gallant efforts, which everyone cordially recognises and sympathises with, on the part of the Chamber of Deputies and the present Ministry, there is only one ruler in Belgium to-day. King Leopold is a person about whom the world writes and talks quite frankly nowadays. He is in no way peculiar to Belgium; men

like him litter New York, whose papers have lately been discussing whether it is allowable to shoot such folk at sight; and in England—chiefly in and round Portland, Dartmoor, and Parkhurst—there are plenty of them. But their influence here is limited, and their fights for supremacy take place either with the police or with prison warders. When they become paramount in a town or country, as King Leopold and his friends are paramount in Brussels and Ostend, such places become plague spots, each of which can corrupt the whole neighbourhood for fifty miles round. Education in Belgium is cheap and passable. You learn French of a sort; music and drawing lessons are not much worse than you can get for the same money in Dresden or Leipsic; above all, Brussels and its neighbourhood are the nearest and most convenient point to which you can send a child in search of that adventure so dear to child life, a foreign school. But when M. Marquet meets you at Ostend and King Leopold in Brussels, the extra expense and trouble of a journey to Dresden seem eminently worthy of consideration.

THE CITY.

BUSINESS on the Stock Exchange has been at a standstill for the last week. This is now the third bad settlement for the bulls, and it is hoped that it may be the last. Anything like a boom is of course out of the question, as there is nothing on which to base a boom. But prices may improve slowly, if there is any buying at all, and stockbrokers are almost unanimous in predicting a return of the public to the market. We are not so sure. We have ascertained by inquiry that the shaking-out process is not directed against the West-end speculators, but against the members of the Stock Exchange itself. There are a lot of small jobbers and brokers who, having no clients or not enough, plunge wildly at the expense of their colleagues. These small fry, with little or no means to back them, think nothing of having four or five thousand Kaffir shares open, and this is a real danger, which, for their own protection, the big people are obliged to stop. The trouble is that in pulling up these domestic punters the outside public are hurt, and get disgusted with the market. The prices in the South African market were almost exactly the same on Friday as they were a fortnight ago.

The flatness of the Argentine railway market is partially explained by the issue of £1,000,000 debentures by the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Four-and-a-Half per Cents. at 103. The outstanding debentures were put down 2 from 106 to 104. These debentures are, of course, a first-rate investment, and they ought to be easily subscribed, particularly with cheap money. With a Bank rate at $2\frac{1}{2}$, and every prospect of its being reduced to 2, a $4\frac{1}{2}$ -per-cent. debenture on a system like the Buenos Ayres and Pacific ought to be largely oversubscribed. Pacific shares have had a heavy fall to 102, partly on the bond issue, but more, perhaps, on one or two decreases of traffic, and the widely entertained idea that the dividend will be reduced to 6, if not to 5 per cent. This is a matter on which the directors are at present probably as ignorant as the public.

The creation of new capital during the first six months of 1909 has been unprecedentedly large. In the first two quarters of the year the new capital issued amounted to £121,073,600, against £109,673,500 created in the first half of 1908. It is indeed more than the whole of the new capital created in 1906, which was £120,173,200, and almost as much as the whole of the capital created in 1907, which was £123,630,000. Last year the new capital created was £192,203,700; but if the capital applications go on at the present rate for the next six months it will amount to £240,000,000, which is enormous, seeing that the Government and the municipal authorities have been unusually moderate in their demands. This rapid conversion of circulating into fixed capital invariably results in stringency later on, sometimes in panic, as happened in the United States in 1907. Indeed, nothing but the increasing output of gold by the Transvaal mines saves us from a financial catastrophe. It has been calculated that in the seventeen

years between 1890 and 1907 the production of gold is equivalent to half the production of the preceding four centuries—a prodigious fact if we take into consideration that for two years the mines were shut down owing to the war. It is also remarkable that during the war wages in England were never higher or trade brisker. Trade is gradually recovering, as the imports show; but the prices of cotton, wheat and meat are inconveniently high, and now there seems every prospect of coal being dearer. The stupid, mischievous and unnecessary Eight Hours Act for Miners has produced the results which everyone acquainted with the trade predicted. The miners, of course, thought that they would get the same wages for shorter hours; but the masters do not see that, and trouble is brewing in Scotland, Staffordshire and Derbyshire. A big coal strike would make industrial shares weak, though it is lucky it is not winter. People are beginning to ask what will happen if the Lords reject the Finance Bill? Will the Chancellor of the Exchequer issue Treasury bills for £100,000,000? And if so, where will the money come from? The period of cheap money might come to a speedy end if the national expenditure had to be financed by a short loan.

MIDDLE-CLASS LIFE FROM WITHOUT.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

I have often urged our dramatists to give the aristocracy a rest, and write plays about the class to which they themselves belong. An intimate and complete study of Mrs. Brown is of more account than a presentment of the Duchess of Hampshire as she is vaguely and respectfully supposed to be. In real life, doubtless, and as woman to woman, Mrs. Brown is at a disadvantage. Where is her tiara? Where are her electric and other cars? Her house has no courtyard, and on the inner walls hang no portraits of her husband's forbears by master hands. And, as against a battalion of powdered footmen, what is a house-parlourmaid? Mr. Robinson, Mr. Jones, and the other callers at Mrs. Brown's—how far less obviously exciting they are than the statesmen, the sportsmen, the diplomats, and the few carefully-selected millionaires, who surround Her Grace! I don't pretend not to be dazzled, even in this outer darkness, by the thought of them; and, if I were a dramatist, I daresay my plays would be exclusively about that exclusive world. Dazzled, blinded, I should trust inspiration to guide my reverent pen aright. The chances are that my confidence would be misplaced. Certainly, the average play about the aristocracy leaves me unconvinced of its truth. It may be all right, but I feel that it somehow isn't. That is why I have often wished that some aristocrat, or somebody whose life has been spent mainly among the aristocracy, would find time to write a play. For aught it might lack of technical merit, "connaissance de cause" would amply compensate us. My heart began to beat quickly, therefore, and my pulse throbbed, and my temperature rose, when I heard that Mrs. George Cornwallis-West had written a play. We know that for many years she has been in the midst of the beau monde. She was the wife of one distinguished politician, and is the mother of a second. Also, her foreign birth must have tended to prevent her from taking her environment as a matter of course—must have kept her keenly alert and watchful, sensitive to impressions. Here, then, thought I, will be the play I have long looked for. Alas, I reckoned without the law of human discontent. The Olympian gods, whom struggling mortals envied their luminous repose, looked down and contemplated and were amused. But the Olympian mortals, whom we of the middle class envy, are envious of us. There is a magnificence about all things unknown. It is ever sweet to escape from one's own familiar knowledge, and let fancy go flying where it listeth. Strawberry-leaves and stars-and-garters, whispered secrets of high policy, all the paraphernalia that are so dear to the brooding heart of you and me, are as dust and sand to Mrs. Cornwallis-

West. She swishes them aside and makes a bee-line for our abject selves.

Well, it is a proud moment for us. But we do wish, in the interest of dramatic art, and for general enlightenment, that "His Borrowed Plumes" had been a play about the sort of people the author really knows, and not about the sort of people she fondly imagines. At the very outset her ignorance betrays her. It was convenient to her purpose that she should get all her characters staying together under one roof. But here she was confronted by a grave difficulty. She remembered having heard or read somewhere that middle-class people don't have big country-houses in which to entertain their friends. "What," she wondered, "does a lady of the middle class do when she wishes to have a big house-party?" After prolonged thought, and after fruitless search under "M" and "C" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, it occurred to her that middle-class house-parties are probably given in river-side hotels hired for the purpose. To make sure, she telephoned to some of her friends, who one and all assured her that it sounded likely enough. To us, however, the notion is more than a mild surprise, and strikes a key-note of fantasy that prepares us for other surprises in store. The middle-class hostess, Mrs. Sumner by name, is a distinguished novelist. It is always rather difficult to believe that any one of the characters in a play is really a great writer or painter, or excels in any other kind of art—except, possibly, in the art of acting. In reading a book, if the author has (as Mr. Henry James so pre-eminently has) an insight into the minds of creative artists, we can believe in the artistic achievements of this or that character: we can believe in the masterpieces that are hinted at. But when we see a well-known actor dabbling at a canvas on an easel, or complacently fingering a sheaf of MS., we do but smile. The dramatist may have a keen insight into the soul of a painter or writer; but we cannot be illuded by the actual presentment on the stage. I am afraid that not even in reading the script of "His Borrowed Plumes" should I be able to believe in Mrs. Sumner as a distinguished novelist. As a woman she is brave, affectionate, pure, self-sacrificing, what you will: a perfect "heroine", of a mould far more nobly heroic, indeed, than is ever found in a member of the middle class; but at no point can a trace of the literary artist be detected in her. True, she does show something of the artist's pride and aloofness when Mr. Delaine K.C. asks her to tell him the plot of her forthcoming book. She says she prefers to keep such things to herself. But she instantly relents when he asks her to show him the MS. "as a mark of confidence". This somewhat sinister phrase had prepared me, as a man of the world, to see Delaine instantly decamp with the lady's property. I wronged him. He merely adjusted a pince-nez, and, fifteen seconds later, having turned the pages with lightning rapidity, pronounced Mrs. Sumner's latest work to be her strongest, and predicted that it would be her greatest success. Whether his literary judgment was as sure as his rapidity in mastering a brief, is a point which will never be cleared up. Fate, in her wisdom or her folly, ordained that the MS. should never be given to the world. One of the members of Mrs. Sumner's house-party was an adventuress, Mrs. Cranfield by name, a very wicked woman, but one to whom much might be forgiven because she was such an arrant fool. Mrs. Cornwallis-West may have met an adventuress or two in her time; and I daresay that adventuresses, when they come among the aristocracy, lose their heads and carry on in the strangest fashion. But Mrs. Cornwallis-West may take it from me that any adventuress who behaved among the middle class as Mrs. Cranfield behaves would presently find herself in a lunatic asylum. What other place would be fit to receive a lady who, sitting with a gentleman in the hall of a river-side hotel just after the other guests had gone to bed, and hearing this gentleman's wife approach, insisted on being shut into his bedroom, with a view to preserving her good name? Yet this is not the full measure of poor Mrs. Cranfield's madness. Major Sumner, whom she

adores, is, like his wife, a writer. Only, his work does not amount to much. Mrs. Cranfield is struck by what seems to her a happy thought. Why not steal the type-written scenario of Mrs. Sumner's book, read it carefully to herself, and then suggest it to the Major as the scenario for a play? Of course she will be presently found out, and her beloved will spurn her from him, and there will be the deuce to pay all round. But what of that? The adventuress nabs the scenario, and the Major writes the play. You would not expect that a cape-and-sword romance, written at second hand by a very mediocre writer who had never essayed a play before, would be accepted for production at the National Theatre. Mrs. Cornwallis-West, peering into the future, is convinced that such a thing might be. As she is an active supporter of the scheme for a National Theatre, this conviction of hers is the more surprising. It is only fair to the Major to say that he himself is very much surprised. That he does not, however, describe the play to his wife until it has been accepted, is a lamentable proof of the distance he has drifted away from her. As soon as he does begin to tell her all about it, she sees what has happened. Rather than humiliate him, she holds her counsel and burns her MS. But she is not above a good strong scene with Mrs. Cranfield in private. Trust Mrs. Cranfield to have been fool enough to write blackmailing letters to a Frenchman, on the strength of which documents a confession is wrung from her by the K.C. And trust the Major to tell the enraptured first-night audience, in a soldierly and a gentlemanly fashion, that the author of the play is none other than his wife.

Now, from the standpoint of the average simple playgoer, "His Borrowed Plumes" is a very good entertainment. From the standpoint of the purely technical critic, it is a very good piece of work: a story conceived and set forth clearly, without halting, with a thorough grasp of dramatic form. From the standpoint of a critic who desires an illusion of real life, it does not pass muster. The characters have been sacrificed to the story. Now and again, as in the scene between the two jealous women, the characters emerge and are natural, real, and moving. There is much that rings true in the relations of Mrs. Cranfield and the Major. But, for the rest, Mrs. Cornwallis-West has let herself be led into the temptation that awaits every one who essays dramaturgy for the first time—the temptation to write not as a seer of life, but as a playgoer who knows all about the theatre. I conjure her not to bother, henceforth, about what she thinks is needed to make a good play, but rather to let her characters do just as they would in real life. Having, as she evidently has, an instinct for dramatic form, she need not fear for the result of this process. But of course she must select her characters from the milieu that she knows. They must be the kind of people on whose behaviour she can regard herself as an authority. I daresay she thought that the strange things which happen in "His Borrowed Plumes" were really not less usual in the middle class than in the theatre. That is a notion which she must banish for ever from her mind.

MADOX BROWN.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

DELACROIX, who wrote of painting with such insight, and who was fond of illustrating the faults of the French school by the virtues of the English (a compliment repaid by many of our own critics), has a passage in one of his letters on the change which had come over our art since his youth and since the days of Lawrence. He notes the "prodigious conscience" that Englishmen can put even into works of imagination; and he finds our painters more in their element when they adopt the extreme detail of the Pre-Raphaelites than when, as in the Reynolds period, they imitated the colourists of Italy and Flanders. And yet, he remarks, under this change of manner, how English these painters remain at heart! Visitors to the Leicester Galleries may be reminded of this criticism as they

survey the choice and, within its limits, representative exhibition of works by Madox Brown. Here is indeed a transformation, from early works like the "Manfred" and "Parisina" to "The Last of England" and "The Pretty Baa-Lambs". And it is true that in the later, detailed manner Madox Brown is, as Delacroix says, far more at home than in that youthful black, Byronic vein; the style he learned on the Continent gave so little scope to that "prodigious conscientiousness" which this artist possessed in an acute degree. A thorough Northerner in his instincts, with no bent to suppleness and suavity, Madox Brown was particularly and redoubtably English in his art. Stubborn independence and obstinacy of conviction were alike his strength and his weakness. A certain grim intensity was his finest imaginative gift, and he is at his best in subjects which call this out, such as the splendid "Prisoner of Chillon" design, engraved on wood for an edition of Byron. This design is not in the exhibition; but the quality is seen in the various images of King Lear, a figure that haunted him—Lear crouching in impotent fury in his chair before Goneril, or asleep and watched by Cordelia. This gift of passion and concentration finds completest expression in "The Last of England", a picture truly historic, so entirely does it belong to the painter's time and race, and, one may add, to his own essential, uncompromising nature. The manner of its execution is significant of the main stream of tendency in the art of the time; "it was painted in the open air on dull days, and, when the flesh was being painted, on cold days"! I quote from the artist's own note which, with other commentary of his on his work, is printed in the admirably compiled catalogue of the exhibition. The passion for reality, which took hold on most of the strongest and sincerest minds of that generation, finds, as I have said, in this picture full and fortunate expression. The material is fused with the design, as it certainly is not in pictures like the "Cromwell", which needs a commentary to explain it. "Work", again, represented here, like "The Last of England", by a replica of smaller size, is an amazing effort, but it does not succeed in its main object; for the figures of the workers make no predominant impression, while the accessories and details provoke curiosity without satisfying it. By thinking about it you can work out all the intended contrasts between the toilers and the idle; but the contrast is not a pictorial contrast, it is not impressed immediately on our senses. In parts of this picture, and still more in "The Three Stages of Cruelty", the artist's intensity becomes something incongruous, between painful and comic. The latter picture is a Hogarth subject, and Madox Brown's mind had a good deal of affinity with Hogarth's. The nineteenth-century artist was less of the born painter, and cannot be said to have a light touch. And yet in this collection is a little canvas, "The Pretty Baa-Lambs", which is quite charming, and a wonderful rendering of sunshine on a warm blue April day.

It is curious to note in the notes on "Work" and "The Last of England" how anxious Madox Brown was to dissociate himself from any particular movement or party-cry in art. He is at pains to declare that the minute detail in the latter picture was necessary "to bring the pathos of the subject more home to the beholder", and that the hot July sunshine in the former was introduced "because it seems peculiarly fitted to display work in all its severity, and not from any predilection for this kind of light over any other". He will not be set down as a Pre-Raphaelite, nor as a painter of sunlight. I admire this determined liberty, abhorring the fetishes so dear to inferior talents; and yet it may be we should be more impressed by a less defiant attitude. Probably Madox Brown would have been still stronger if he had been more flexible, more ready to ally himself frankly with the forces congenial to his own aims which were stirring in his generation.

An exhibition like this prompts to a comparison with the imaginative effort in English art of to-day. Well, we have reason to despond; far from it. It is portraiture and landscape that bulk largest in our exhibitions and secure the popular praise. But a school of

painting can have no powerful pulse of life which has not the imaginative sense; has not, that is, whatever be the ostensible material and surface subject, a grasp of, and affinity with, the universal and enduring. Realism is intolerable or merely null without imagination; yet, conversely, reality is the essential condition of imaginative success; we must be persuaded of life, even though it be a life our senses have never known. In the exhibition of "Chosen Pictures" at the Grafton Gallery, to which I have already referred once or twice in these columns, may be seen something of what our English school of to-day is doing. Gathered together in a few days, on a sudden opportunity, this collection might, of course, be greatly enriched; but it suffices to prove, and has already proved to intelligent visitors from abroad, that there is in English painting, not only the cleverness abundant almost everywhere, but an inner glow of independent life. Subject-painters who show imagination are never, or very rarely, appreciated in their own day save by a few; unless, at least, they live long enough to create their own public. How bitterly reviled were the Pre-Raphaelites; and now just those people who would have abused them in that generation demand of imaginative work to-day the methods and the vision of those now canonised masters. Yet the Pre-Raphaelites received more encouragement and support than their successors. It is significant that Mr. Shannon, Mr. Strang, and Mr. Ricketts (not to mention others) have all had to develop their imaginative gift in lithography, etching, and wood-engraving before being able to exercise it on an ampler scale; each of them has perforce come late to painting. So, too, Mr. John, denied a favourable outlet for his power of monumental painting, has had to spend his gift in studies and drawings. These conditions have reacted on these artists' painting, and are then made a reproach to them. But it is the public which ought to reproach itself. How many of the best pictures in the Grafton Gallery exhibition might have been bought, I wonder, for the sum given by the Chantrey Trustees for the one insignificant example of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema in this year's Academy?

DECADENCE IN CRICKET.

THERE is nothing to be said of the University match of 1909 which has not already been said in daily papers. The match, which Oxford seemed likely to win, was ruined by rain, and the little chance there was of a finish was destroyed by over-cautious batting by Oxford on Wednesday morning and a late declaration in the afternoon. The spectator of modern cricket expects to be disappointed, but it is no ordinary vexation when one out of the over-few matches in the year which promise complete satisfaction is thus frustrated. The game for the most part was played under one of those end-of-the-world skies to be seen in such perfection in the neighbourhood of Lord's and the Zoo. Truly, as the Roman historian said nearly two thousand years ago, we live in a climate "foul with clouds and rain".

Few men of feeling or sense can go to the University or Eton and Harrow matches without uttering the hard words about first-class cricket which the contrast of these two games suggests. The atmosphere compels such utterance. As you walk through the pavilion the young athlete will, of course, be found complaining—that is his privilege—and you will see the senators of the game exulting in the ecstasies of torture, for that is their solace. In the reading-room, should you fly there for quiet, an even sterner indictment in the pages of the "Times" will confront you; but still the grievances, and they are true grievances, persevere. Hayward, Hirst, Harry, Huddleston, and Hitch, the names are taken at random in the interests of an obvious euphony, pursue the ancient paths. The target, for all the arrows, remains immune. It is a matter of some debate whether Hayward reads the "Times".

Let us return to an historian, still a Roman historian, but modern, very modern—Signor Ferrero. Talking

of standards of living he maintains that what we call progress the Romans called corruption. And is not this true of cricket? Is not its development—that is a non-committal word—in truth its degeneration? The highest form of cricket, or cricket exhibited at its highest, should be the cricket, if development be progress, of a Test match. That is the apex of cricket. But everybody knows about the Test matches of 1909. Three have been already played, and they have all been as joyless as the spectacle of two fat wrestlers on a mat. In all three a definite result has been attained, but nothing has happened. It is the old contrast of pastime and trade. What would Francis Thompson, our greatest cricket poet, have said of such an exhibition, and what John Nyren? The heroic cricket of John Nyren's day produced an heroic prose. What does the cricket of to-day produce? Turn to the cricket page of the "Tatler". In the whole of current literature there are few more degenerate pages than that.

The development of cricket is ruining cricket. There are many features in this development, but, to take one, look at the long fixture lists and you will see why it is that the men who should be playing first-class cricket to-day no longer play it. Under the old dispensation Mr. R. E. Foster, Mr. B. T. J. Bosanquet, Mr. R. H. Spooner would probably still be in the field; and this defection of amateurs will go on increasing. Cricket will fall more and more into the hands of the professional; that is to say, into the hands of the class which plays for safety—the gamekeeper shots of cricket. And there is another danger of the same kind working at the roots of cricket. There is over-development at the roots as well as at the summits of cricket. Cricket is being organised at private schools and public schools in a way quite out of proportion to its importance and in a way which does not really tend to its improvement. Monotony of type is the general result, and more often still a premature distaste for the game, which is the result of so laborious a training. For this reason many boys come up to the University as weary of cricket as of Greek, and turn to the fresh and undisciplined delights of lawn-tennis and golf.

All this is bad. The outlook for cricket is dark. Every lamentation is justified. But from another point of view, emphatically not the point of view of cricket, there is a brighter side. Cricket is a long game, and wastes time, and there is a general feeling among the strenuous—an increasing class—that there are quicker and far surer methods of enjoyment and recreation. But this is a large question. It involves the whole question of the place of this game as a recreation for the ordinary man of moderate ambition and means, and anyone who considers things will see, wherever he looks, which way the struggle goes. Meanwhile, under present conditions, the spectator of modern first-class matches must be content if he sees one or two of those contests in the course of a season which even the players themselves regard as fortunate exceptions, as bright oases in a barren desert, and the players in their turn must be content with a similar destiny.

The judicious, if they have not already crept off to golf, will prefer in increasing numbers to take risks on country pitches far from the click of the turnstile, to leave the mob of the cities for the "agri Venafrani" of cricket.

THE COUNTRYSIDE.

THE views of the countryman about weather do not always agree with those of the mere town-dweller, still less with those of the holiday-maker, but all can fervently unite in detesting the present season. "June, June that we desire so," put up a variety of records for unseasonableness in the south and east of England, and though a dripping June is said to put all things in tune it must have been a farmer who had got his roots sown and was in no hurry for his hay who gave the start to such a heresy. As it was, most men were muddling about all the month trying to get their land ready for swedes, and when the time came for the great annual holiday to the Royal Agricultural

Show that pleasant reunion was almost completely spoilt, and must prove a financial failure, owing to the recurrent downpours which visited Gloucester. Although the remarkable recovery which the society has made from the disaster it nearly incurred through attempting to retain its show in London has enabled it to put aside a considerable reserve for a rainy week such as occurred this year, the necessity of trenching upon this reserve has come at a very awkward time. The society fell into a bad habit of regarding the show as the be-all and end-all of its existence; its other activities like its journal, its experimental farm, its expert assistance for its members—all great advances when they were started—have either lost their quality or have become of less account because so many other agencies have grown up to provide the same privileges for all farmers. Without doubt the society lost the initiative that had distinguished it for many years after its foundation, and ceased to be a leader and inspirer in the agricultural community. It is well known that several of the men who now have the guidance of the society wish to see this policy rectified, to show some enterprise, and to devise new methods of bringing help and guidance to the general run of farmers. Such a policy, however, demands expenditure, and it is to be feared that the movement may be checked by the loss resulting from the Gloucester show. But some change must take place; at present the farmer who has no very vital interest in the show gets little or no return for his subscription, except the feeling that he is doing the proper thing and backing up an ancient and honourable institution. Even the show, like every other agricultural show, wants reconsidering by some active minds who are not too much oppressed by tradition and can attain a detached point of view. The exhibition of livestock at the great shows is becoming every year more and more a fancier's business, a pleasant social contest in which rich men alone can engage and the longest purse goes far towards winning; the whole thing is uneconomical, and it may be doubted whether it is reacting favourably on farming at large. We have too many breeds, both of cattle and sheep, in the British Isles, and the show system perpetuates and even resurrects many small local races which would be better merged in something of more general utility. British farming is too individual and looks at its business in too retail a fashion to be able to make the best of the great world's markets with which it is now thrown into competition. Our farmers sell their beasts singly and aim at fattening off each as a separate artistic result; the beef producer of the Argentine or the middle West or Canada tries to turn out reasonably marketable stuff in uniform hundreds. And, as far as shows go, the time has come for someone to turn round and ask himself how they can be made to bear upon the workaday business of the ordinary farmer.

But to return to the season, its prospects as regards crops may be summed up as—wheat good, barley good, oats bad: the latter were sown late, and all over the south country at least they are very ragged and patchy, having been affected by various root parasites. Roots are generally good, though some of the early-sown mangels suffered during May and are rather a poor plant; for once in a way the early man is the victim of his energies. The hay is very late, thanks to the backward spring and the cool and sunless weather of June; so far also there has been little chance of getting it up in good condition, and the comparatively high prices which ruled in the spring are likely to be maintained. But the ever-extending use of motor-cars is beginning to tell upon the hay and straw market, just as it has already raised the price of the stable manure coming out of London and the other large towns. As regards the more special crops, the fruit-growers are complaining of continual and heavy attacks of all kinds of insect pests; earlier in the year there was a plague of caterpillars which almost defoliated the trees where spraying was not carried out, and aphids of sorts are now very troublesome. Although England is full of birds, gloriously so as compared with the fruit-growing districts in the north of France and Belgium, we seem to get every year more and more destructive insects.

The raisers of soft fruit are greatly in need of sunshine and warmth, and the strawberry-growers are making but a poor season of it. Hops seem generally to be growing well, but in most parts are being punished by a very severe attack of aphids; this is probably a blessing in disguise, for another large crop would complete the demoralisation of an already broken market; all the same, the grower whose capital has almost disappeared through the losses of the last three seasons is hard put to it to find the extra materials and labour necessitated by the continuous washing. Although grass was scarce and late, and has also been rather thin and innutritious since it began to grow, the beef trade has been good, and graziers who have been pushing on their fattening stock have found the markets in their favour. But the sheep trade has gone to pieces, notwithstanding the drop of nearly ten shillings a head which sheep experienced last summer; men who bought lambs in the early autumn and have wintered and fatted them can get no more for their fat sheep than they gave for the lambs.

It is difficult to account for this great drop in value; importations from abroad have certainly been large, but the real cause seems to be that the world's stock of sheep has at last righted itself after the enormous decline that was due to the succession of Australian droughts. Moreover, any rise or fall in price has always some tendency to be cumulative; the butchers maintain that they are no longer able to purchase so many sheep, because their poorer customers make it a point of honour to buy beef now that mutton is cheap. Curiously enough, wool maintains a fair price, and has even been rising a little.

These fluctuations, however, seem an inevitable part of the stock market; they are always defeating the plans and foresight of the grazier, and make it a question whether much of the poorer grass land of the country ought not to be put under the plough again, since wheat promises to remain above 40s. per quarter for some time to come. Despite these difficulties the general prospects of farming seem to be reasonably bright; nobody is likely to make money, but it appears to be possible once more to earn a living by actual farming rather than by dealing. The best sign of this reasonable quiet prosperity is the fact that sound farms cannot be hired; there are plenty of local and private applications for any good bit of land long before it is publicly known that the old tenancy is falling in. A more hopeful and energetic spirit pervades the farmers; they are organising and working together in a manner full of promise for the future of the industry; and whatever may be our opinions on the Budget as a whole, the new "development grant" does repair a serious defect in the dealings of the State with agriculture, and comes at a very useful time when farmers are beginning to have more courage to take advantage of whatever opportunities may be open to them.

THE GREAT BORDEAUX WINES.

II.—CHÂTEAU MARGAUX.

MANY a French poet has sung of the merits of "Château Margaux", which with Château Latour and Château Lafite form the three "grands crus" of the Médoc. Biarnez, the Girondist poet, has recognised its proud pre-eminence over the other two when he sang:

"Inclinez votre front, fléchissez le genou,
Amis, Château Margaux se lève devant nous;
Voilà l'un des trois rois, l'un des trois dieux du monde.

Idole des gourmets c'est le plus grand des trois,
Il est seul sur son trône, il est le roi des rois."

The surrounding country, which is entirely devoted to vineyards, may not be the most beautiful part of the Gironde or even of the Médoc, but it is extremely rich. Château-Durfort, Vivens, Rausan-Ségla, Rausan-Gassies, Lascombes, second-classed growths; Châteaux Malescot-Saint-Exupéry, Ferrière, and Desmirail, third-classed growths, are all at Margaux; whilst, as we go towards S. Julien on the one side or back to

Bordeaux on the other, we pass through many a vineyard whose wines enjoy a world-wide reputation. A fine view can be had of the Gironde, which is particularly lovely in a red autumn sunset, from Port Margaux, a mile off, though the river is much finer at Port Macau, a few miles lower down. Château Margaux itself is a mile from Margaux station and twenty-two miles from Bordeaux on the Paris-Orleans railway. Charing Cross can be left at ten o'clock in the morning, and Margaux reached at nine o'clock the following morning by the little line which runs from the Gare du Médoc to Lesparre and Soulac-les-Bains.

As a vintage the château is of far more modern growth than some of its rivals. In the fifteenth century Château Lamothe, which stood where the modern château now stands, was a fortified castle, and belonged to the Seigneurs de Montferand, who were succeeded by the Seigneurs de Durfort. In 1760 M. de Fumel, the owner at the time, made some important plantations of the very best vines, and it is their quality combined with the soil and situation of Château Margaux which has placed it in the very forefront of the growths of the Médoc. Forty years afterwards the estate was purchased by the Marquis de Lacolonilla, who pulled down the old feudal castle and erected in its place the present château. It stands at the end of a short straight avenue, which leads down to a fine flight of stone steps at the top of which an impressive portico resting upon Doric columns gives the whole what the French call a "grand air" of its own. In 1862 the Lacolonillas gave way to the Vicomte d'Aguado, who in 1870 sold the whole domain to Count Pillett-Will, the representative of an old Savoyard family ennobled by the King of Sardinia, who is now at the head of one of the wealthiest banking houses in Paris. His family portraits hang in the billiard-room, and in the dining and drawing rooms are some fine pictures and good Empire furniture. The estate itself is small, consisting of some four hundred acres, of which one hundred and sixty are planted with the choicest vines, 20,000 plants to the acre, and are cultivated with the very greatest care. There are some fertile fen lands to the east, but most of the soil rests upon siliceous earth, which is mixed with pebbles and forms a stratum of unequal depth. To the north the subsoil is clay, to the north-east marl, whilst it is alluvial to the east and gravel to the south and west. The whole is ploughed four times a year during cultivation, and manured once every nine years. The vines used are in the first place Cabernet-Sauvignon, the best growth in the Médoc, Cabernet-Gris, Merlot, Malbec, Petit Verdot, and Carmenère. The original plants are still used, and there has been no grafting of that strong American vine whose produce is by no means delicate but whose strength has overcome the phylloxera. On the other hand the most careful precautions against disease have been taken by spraying the soil round every plant with carbonate of soda.

There is not any very striking difference between the vintage practice at Château Margaux and the common practice elsewhere in the Médoc except that the greater value of the crop involves the adoption of special precautions. Thus the "commandants de manœuvre" do not come from a distance, but are men who belong to the estate, and, working as they do from year's end to year's end, know all its peculiarities. Again, each of these inspectors looks after five workers, and gives them a personal superintendence that would scarcely pay elsewhere. These men watch the cutters and see that they do their work rapidly and efficiently. No bunches must be left uncut, every good grape must be gathered in, all that is collected must be thoroughly ripe and sound, and nothing is to be put into the basket besides the grape itself. The women and children who collect the grapes are placed one in each row with the wooden basket to receive the fruit. Each cutter then hands his basket to the "vide panier", who empties his basket into a baste containing six gallons. These bastes are carried by porters to the vats, which are taken by horses or oxen to the presshouse. Every precaution is taken to preserve that yeast which gives the first "crus" of the Gironde their peculiar bouquet;

whilst the human foot is used to crush the grape, as, indeed, at all the other great crus, instead of machinery. A week after fermentation, when there is no more sugar in the must, the wine is poured out, the contents of the vats are then mixed together and are poured into barrels, whose contents are under constant supervision. They are filled up twice a week as the wood absorbs the wine, for a tenth of the wine evaporates annually. Many purchasers who have bought the wine keep it in barrel on the spot for two or three years before having it bottled. This is in fact the only way by which the growth can be guaranteed, for each cork bears the special mark of Château Margaux, including Count Pillett-Will's arms, stating whether the wine is a first or second growth. Some time ago a wine merchant on a large scale complained that his corks and labels had suffered by time, and asked to have twenty thousand corks and labels to take their place. He was told he could easily have them, but that a representative of the firm must superintend the bottling. Nothing further was heard of this request, which may have been made with the object of securing the corks and labels for other purposes.

Vintages differ in many respects from one another. Thus 1882, 1883, and 1884 turned out badly; whilst 1896, 1899, 1900, 1904, 1906, and 1908 have given very good wines. Prices have varied in the same way. In 1899 the tun cost the trade 2000 francs, in 1900 the price was 1150, in 1901 1100, in 1902 1400, in 1903 2000, and in 1904 4000. The year 1905 was a very speculative one. Its prospects were doubtful, and the wine was sold to the trade for 1500 francs, but it turned out far superior to what was expected, and very soon doubled in value. The average output used to be two hundred tuns, but the wine has suffered in quantity of late through rain, blight, and spring frosts. Only 112 tuns were produced in 1906, in 1907 160 tuns of light pleasant wine, whilst spring frosts and blight have reduced the output in 1908, which was of the very best quality, to 99 tuns. Of late years an understanding has been come to with different wine merchants, and little or no wine can be secured on the spot, all having been sold for a period of years to the trade.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAND CLAUSES OF THE BUDGET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

National Liberal Club, Whitehall Place S.W.

SIR,—As a humble member of the rank and file of Liberals I naturally look to our party leaders for light and guidance, and it was in these proper dispositions that I listened yesterday at the National Liberal Club to the lucid address of the Lord Advocate (Mr. Ure) in defence of the land clauses of the Budget. It was the unearned increment, so he told us, in the value of the land—an increment to which the landowner had contributed nothing of his own money or industry, but which was provided wholly and solely by the industry and expenditure of the community—which the Government now proposed specially to tax. On the sale of land by its owner and upon its devolution on his death this unearned increment was to be ascertained and 20 per cent. of it to be appropriated by the State. Again, on the falling-in of the reversion on long leases this increment was to be taxed at 10 per cent. While, with regard to undeveloped lands, so much of their estimated capital value as may be due to their vicinity to a town was to be rated at an annual tax of $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in the £. There were naturally certain equitable exceptions to the general application of these imposts. The proposal was clear enough. It only remained to justify the measure. This was Mr. Ure's justification. As it was the community, and the community only, which bestowed the unearned increment on the landowner, so it was only just that he should contribute to the burdens of the community by a special tax levied on the increment which the community had gratuitously bestowed upon him. But Mr. Ure never met the difficulty that

land constitutes no exception, and that the same form of unearned increment occurs in the case of almost every kind of property besides land. Take Consols. The State may borrow £100 from me, and issue to me £100 2½ per cent. stock at par. Ten years hence, by wise economies and sound administration of the State, that same £100 stock may rise to be worth £200 cash. I then sell at £200, say: why should not the Government regard the £100 profit realised on the sale as unearned increment, seeing that it was solely the industry and thrift of the community or State, not my own efforts, which created the increment? And if a needy Government requires 20 per cent. of it, why should not a still more necessitous Government require 80 per cent. or, in fact, the whole of it? As the community gave the whole increment gratuitously, why should it not, to meet its necessities, take the whole increment away from me? Does not all increment, and indeed does not the maintenance of any value at all in any marketable commodity, be it land, Consols or merchandise, depend solely on the industry, energy and wealth of the community at large where such commodities are situate or circulate and are marketable? The diamond mines of Kimberley would be practically valueless to their owners but for the wealth and cultured tastes of the civilised communities that purchase diamonds. And cannot the community collectively take away for its own purposes and needs the very value which it has collectively bestowed? In answering these questions in the affirmative I would unwittingly and as a *reductio ad absurdum* find myself landed in socialism: but it is thitherto, I fear, that the Lord Advocate's justification leads me logically.

Mr. Asquith, while admitting that land has no special monopoly in unearned increment, insists that no Government is ever likely to seize any of the unearned increment won in commercial enterprises, because such increment in the shape of increased revenue of the business already pays sufficient toll in income tax. But surely not all unearned increment in commerce is carried to revenue account, any more than any realised increment in the value of land escapes the income-tax assessor. Land round a growing town legitimately required for the town's proper expansion and development should be acquired—though I speak of course as a fool—rather under some wise extension of the "Towns Improvements" and "Lands Clauses" Acts, by which the landowner receives the fair market value of his land, than under penal confiscatory measures such as the Government now proposes.

Sir, I would, as a good Liberal, willingly lay these fiscal burdens on the broad shoulders of ducal and other landowners of notorious wealth, but for the life of me I cannot see why, on the like principles, I should not also be made to disgorge to the Government the profits of my small investments, or, logically, even the whole of my inherited wealth and other my property of every shape and kind possibly besides.

I am your obedient servant,
FRANCIS O. CLUTTON.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS AND COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The new Civil List pensions should be seized upon by all who consider that our present copyright laws are wrong. "Miss Mary Angela Dickens, Miss Dorothy Gertrude Dickens, Miss Cecil Mary Dickens, and Miss Evelyn Bessie Dickens, in recognition of the literary eminence of their grandfather, the late Mr. Charles Dickens, and in consideration of their straitened circumstances, £25 each." Could you put what I venture to think is an iniquity into more concrete form? Dickens created a vast amount of valuable property; if he had made a business or built houses or produced anything else that might continue to be commercially valuable for generations after his death, the rights would have gone to his family. But because he created books only his rights were sharply limited, and anybody to-day may produce a new edition of Dickens to his own

profit, without obligation to contribute a penny to Dickens' descendants.

If there is one form of property the proceeds from which should specially belong to a man and his family it is surely that created by his brain. It is the one form in which his rights beyond a certain time are not recognised. But let us assume that his rights should be restricted. To whom should the benefit go? To the State, it would seem. Under our present system the benefit goes to individuals who rush out new editions of popular works directly the copyright limit is reached. There are innumerable editions of Dickens on the market to-day, and huge profits have been, and are being, made by publishers who have never paid one halfpenny in royalty. Yet the taxpayer is asked to provide £100 a year for the granddaughters of Dickens because of their straitened circumstances. Could anything be more preposterous?

What should happen, in my opinion, is this: Absolute copyright might be given for a period of years as now; at the end of that time anyone might have the right to produce new editions subject to a royalty to be paid either to the author's heirs or to the State which is called upon to meet their necessities out of the Civil List. Probably ten per cent. on the profits from the sale of Dickens' works to-day would give much more than the £100 now to be allowed to his granddaughters. Mr. Lloyd George is looking out for new sources of taxation: here surely is one to which he might give attention.

I am yours &c.

BOOKMAN.

BACK TO THE LAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield,
3 July 1909.

SIR,—In connexion with the Children's Country Holiday movement may I point out a hopeful development? Some of the boys who are taken into the country by means of the various funds have been placed in situations upon farms, largely in Devonshire.

Those who prove unsuited for farm work often go into the Navy, following, in this respect, the example of so many native-born Devonians.

Local correspondents of the central organisation (the Secretary of which is Miss Iles, 18 Buckingham Street, Strand) report that last June twenty-eight of these town-bred lads were doing well on various farms.

I remain, yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

"CORPUS DOMINI APUD ANGLOS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 Farm Street W., 4 July 1909.

SIR,—While gratefully acknowledging the courteous tone of your notice of Father Bridgett's "Holy Eucharist" which I have recently edited, may I call attention to one criticism which does not seem warranted by the text? Father Bridgett, speaking of the changes at the Reformation, remarks: "Altars of sacrifice were broken in pieces or condemned to the vilest uses. The doctrine of Masses was called 'a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit', the worship of our Lord beneath the sacramental veils 'idolatry'. The offering of Mass by Catholic priests was punished with cruel death", &c. Upon this your reviewer observes: "It is a cheap misstatement, which ought not to have been suffered to stand, that 'the worship of our Lord beneath the sacramental veils' is stigmatised by the Reformed Church of England as idolatry". But Father Bridgett does not in any way mention "the Reformed Church of England". So far as I can see he is only speaking of what his next paragraph calls "the Protestant view". May I respectfully submit that, quite apart from the Black Rubric, "the Protestant view" did and does treat the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament as idolatry? At any rate I do not see how otherwise to understand the terms of the King's declaration on transubstantiation, or the language of the "Sermon concerning the Sacrament" in

the Book of Homilies. "What hath been the cause of this gross idolatry?" asks the latter, speaking of the Holy Eucharist.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
HERBERT THURSTON S.J.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Holland House, Great Malvern,
3 July 1909.

SIR,—May I venture to express a doubt as to whether your reviewer, when he speaks of "the outward part or sign in the Cœna Domini" as being for S. Thomas Aquinas "mere sense-illusion", quite correctly represents the great schoolman?

The language quoted, "Visus, tactus, gustus in Te fallitur", is rather devotional than dogmatic; in the domain of pure theology it would imply that the Res Sacramenti is an object, not of sight, but of faith. And, consistently with this, the Sacramentum is, in S. Thomas's view, an object of sense-perception; that it is "mere sense-illusion" is by no means a valid conclusion from his teaching.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
WATKIN W. WILLIAMS.

SCHOOLS AND THE HOLIDAY RUSH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 June 1909.

SIR,—As the holiday season approaches every year a problem confronts the father of a family which becomes more and more anxious. It is a problem from which bachelors and spinsters are comparatively free. All schools break up about the same time, and there is a period of some five or six weeks during which parents are in eager competition for rooms and houses at the seaside. Everybody wants to go to the sea nowadays; a fortnight or so in the country does not suffice, as it did even a generation ago. Children must be given the opportunity of digging in the sands, of bathing and paddling to their hearts' content for a month. The money for seaside holidays must be found if paterfamilias is to have any autumn peace. The consequence is obvious. The rush for quarters in August is so keen that tiny houses, jerry built to the last degree, or uncomfortable rooms with a minimum of so-called furniture—including generally a tuneless piano—realise prices which are ruinous because paterfamilias dare not say they are prohibitive. He is called upon to spend money he cannot afford to secure accommodation in a crowded resort under conditions which bring him no compensation in rest to much-tired nerves; the time so spent is not a pleasant memory, and the return of the holiday season is looked to with not unnatural dread by men whose families and incomes are possibly in inverse ratio. And all because schools must break up at one time.

In July as in September apartments and houses let for two-thirds, sometimes one-half, what is asked for them in August. It would be a boon and a blessing to parents, if there could be some rearrangement among the schools which would enable a more equable distribution of the holiday pressure. If one-third of the schools broke up at the end of June, another third at the end of July, and the other third at the end of August, the pressure would be relieved, and the father might take his family of five or six away for a sum not exceeding, say, that spent by half-a-dozen bachelors who escape the August rush. Money apart, the relief in other directions would be welcome. At present the anxiety to get rooms during the period of the children's holiday is really serious, involving several visits—costly in themselves—to likely places in the hope of finding tolerable vacation quarters. I do not know quite what regulates the school holidays; what I do know is the worry and the cost of the present system, and I ask the SATURDAY REVIEW to let me ventilate a domestic grievance in the hope that some more resourceful mind may suggest a way to the remedy.

Yours truly,
A HOLIDAY VICTIM.

REVIEWS.

THE FAERIE QUEENE.

"The Faerie Queene." By Edmund Spenser. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1909. 2 vols. 73s. 6d. net.

NO writer has a securer place in the affections of real lovers of poetry than the author of the most serenely beautiful of all great poems, and their devotion to him can only be increased by the possession of this very handsome reprint of the edition of 1596, plus the introductory verses and epistle from that of 1590 and the fragments from that of 1609. The size is sumptuous and the type a model of clearness. The paper is, perhaps, not quite on the same high level, and bears the watermark "Van Gelder Zonen". We are told that a few obvious misprints have been corrected, but we could provide the publishers with a list of a score of others which have escaped notice. But the production as a whole does the Cambridge Press great credit, and if it were in the hands of all readers of Spenser the company would be neither very few nor very weary which was "in at the death" of the Blatant Beast, that lusty animal as to whose subsequent career the poet, as though with prophetic anticipation of Macaulay, took so much pains to inform us. It is an ancient superstition that the "Faerie Queene" is a wearisome composition, particularly among those who have not taken the pains to read it. Allegories are by nature wearisome, it is thought, whether portrayed in print by Spenser or in paint by Watts. They certainly would be, if we were only permitted to enjoy the work of art after we had dosed ourselves with pages of flamboyant explanation. If that were necessary we should never have landed safely even in the House of Pride, let alone the Gulf of Greediness. But, mercifully, in Spenser's case there is no necessity for us to trouble whether Timias was Sir Walter Raleigh or Arthegill Lord Grey of Wilton, or whether Una's ass was the same as Tertullian's, or how Britain can be Fairyland and Britain at the same moment, or whether the Dragon, like other more respectable creatures, was killed by being compelled to swallow the Sword of Righteousness or some less radical weapon. We bathe ourselves in the sensuous splendour of the verse and it suffices us. Spenser was doubtless inferior to Boiardo or Ariosto as a teller of stories, but he invented for himself that flawless means of expression, the stanza which bears his name, the legitimate successor of Chaucer's rime royal and Sackville's seven-line compound, a stanza which makes Boiardo's and Ariosto's eight-line metre, with its six alternating rhymes and concluding couplet, seem almost nerveless in comparison. His mastery of his metre seems to have been complete from the very first, a striking testimony to his genius if we contrast it, for instance, with Dante's comparative technical imperfection in the earlier part of the "Commedia". Only once has a simile been suggested to him metri gratia, so far as we have discovered, as against numerous instances in the "Inferno". Indeed the luxuriant ease of rhythmic diction, which is Spenser's chief characteristic, is more noteworthy in the former than in the latter half of the poem. In Books IV. to VI. there is greater restraint and less spontaneity, but the technical accomplishment seems to be no greater. Again, in the Mutability cantos, which are usually attributed to the seventh book, but which appear to us to date from a much later period, and to postulate the intervention of rimed composition between them and the end of Book VI., we find another somewhat indefinable change in the character of the verse. It is at once clearer cut and more facile than the verse of the latter half of the main poem, and stands at the very highest point of Spenser's achievement. No one surely, with this sublime fragment before him, could fail to lament the loss of so much of the great work and to execrate Tyrone and his patriotic brigands.

What is the most perfect single stanza in the poem?

We have hesitated long in our choice, but are inclined to give our vote for this one :

"The lily, Lady of the flowering field,
The Floure de luce, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
And soon leave off this toilsome wearie stoure ;
Loe, loe, how brave she decks her bounteous bour
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her cares she lets."

More beautiful in some ways, or at any rate of a more elaborate beauty, is the stanza which follows, but it is marred by the echo rhyme in the fourth and fifth lines. In French this would be an additional grace, but in English it gives a sense of weakness at the very point where strength is most required :

"The joyous brides shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voyce attemperd sweet ;
Th' Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine responce meet ;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmurs of the waters' fall ;
The waters' fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the winds did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

If any other stanzas are to be put into competition with these we should select the angel stanza (II. 8, 2) or the wonderful simile describing the bore on the Shannon (IV. 3, 2). There are single lines, too, or pairs of lines which, for mere beauty, can scarcely find their parallel in English literature—some lines in Arthur's address to Belphebe, Ulysses "that for his love refused deitie", "the fields, the floods, the heavens with one consent Did seeme to laugh at me and favour mine intent", "I feared love; but they that love do live, But they that die doe neither love nor hate"—and there are lines of scarcely surpassable vigour, "ne mortall steele empearce his miscreated mould", "with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare", or this, which may with justice be placed above its Vergilian original :

"His sinfull soule with desperate disdaine,
Out of her fleshly ferme fled to the place of paine".

But it is in more continuous passages, especially of description, that the genius of Spenser is even more fully displayed. Most of these are so celebrated that it is unnecessary to refer to them. The first three books abound with them, and it will depend upon our individual taste whether we admire more the pictures of the horrible or of the ecstatically lovely, of the virtues or of the vices. Occasionally Spenser shows himself to be as great in reflection as in description, for example, in the Lucretian exaltation of the dialogue between the Red Cross Knight and Despair or in the second of the Mutability cantos; and indeed his tendency in later years seems to have been more reflective and less descriptive, to pass, so to speak, from "Armide" to "Iphigénie en Tauride", a change causing or corresponding with the change in technique to which we have already referred.

We have pointed out that the allegorical basis of the "Faerie Queene" need prove no obstacle to its enjoyment. Another obstacle which has been much exaggerated is Spenser's alleged archaism. It would be remarkable if a poet of his enormous power and facility of expression had been deliberately archaistic to the extent to which the vice of sham archaism has been attributed to him. Such introduction of antique expressions as we find is probably due to the fact that his chief model was his only great predecessor, Chaucer; but we venture to suggest that the charge of archaism has been largely fostered by the fact that, for some reason or other, it has always been the custom to print his works in their original spelling, while those of his contemporaries have almost invariably been modernised. Modernise the spelling of any portion of the "Faerie Queene" and the impression of antiquity vanishes almost entirely. Take, for instance, the two stanzas

which we have quoted above. In the former there is nothing at all which could not be found in the most ordinary Elizabethan English, except, perhaps, the word "stoure"; and in the latter there is nothing whatever which might not occur even in Dryden, or later still. Yet some critics speak of Spenser's style almost as if it were that of "Piers Plowman", and we have met persons who seem to be almost as much afraid of him as they would be of Beowulf. It is not Spenser's unsullied diction, but Milton's latinised vocabulary, we had almost said jargon, which should alarm true lovers of the English tongue.

SIR JOHN ARDAGH.

"The Life of Major-General Sir John Ardagh." By his Wife, Susan Countess of Malmesbury. London: Murray. 1909. 15s. net.

SIR JOHN ARDAGH would have distinguished himself in almost any profession; and, even in the comparatively narrow one he chose to adopt, he achieved success in spheres of activity which strictly speaking are outside the soldier's usual curriculum. He sat on innumerable commissions and committees; he was a leading authority on international law; he was private secretary to a Viceroy of India; he was Chief of the Military School of Engineering at Chatham; and he accompanied Lord Beaconsfield to the Berlin Congress as one of his military advisers, to say nothing of the numerous appointments of a purely military character he held in peace and war time during various phases of his career. In all of these sometimes diverse posts he did well, and earned the unstinted praise of his superiors. But perhaps the most important crisis in his career was his appointment as Director of Military Intelligence in the momentous years which immediately preceded the South African war. The Intelligence Department of the War Office is now rightly given a very prominent place. But at the time Sir John Ardagh took over its direction its importance had by no means been properly appreciated. Now it is manned by a very large staff, and housed in close proximity to the War Secretary and the Chief of the General Staff. But in 1896 it was hidden away in Queen Anne's Gate, and manned by a mere handful of officers. The funds at its use were exiguous, and had the information which it provided as to the coming struggle been on a similar scale, it would not have been altogether fair to blame either Sir John Ardagh or his small band of zealous assistants. The reverse, however, was the fact; and both the evidence given before the War Commission and its report amply proved this, even before Lady Malmesbury wrote this admirably clear and sensible Life of Sir John. Not only were the strength of the Boer forces and armaments most accurately gauged, but the authorities were expressly warned of the advisability of taking into consideration the practical certainty of the Orange Free State throwing in its lot with the Transvaal if war should break out. It was then no fault of the Intelligence branch that its warnings and estimates were disregarded by the Government of the day, in fact, hardly read. But the cruel injustice of the whole business is that even to-day, and in spite of the strongly worded report of the War Commission, the average well-informed man will tell you that the War Office grossly underestimated the strength of the Boer forces and the nature of their armaments. "Remarkably accurate", indeed, to quote the verdict of the War Commission on Sir John Ardagh's forecast of events.

Considering his abilities and the admirable though quiet work he had done for his country over a long space of years, he should certainly have reaped greater rewards and higher rank in the Army. As it was he was only a major-general when he retired. A propos we must tell a story which is not alluded to in Lady Malmesbury's book. Towards the close of the South African war Sir John Ardagh was sent to South Africa, where he arrived in January 1902. His duty was to represent the Government with respect to certain claims then

before the Central Board, sitting at that time in South Africa. During his sojourn there he was granted the local rank of lieutenant-general. Now a regulation exists that an officer who has held a higher rank on active service than the one under which he retires may be granted that rank as an honorary one. There are consequently cases of colonels who are honorary major-generals, and major-generals who are honorary lieutenant-generals, in their retirement. It is true that Sir John held no command, and saw no service in the field at that time. Still he held the local rank in South Africa whilst the war was still going on; and most fair-minded men would surely say that this placed him within the terms of the regulation. After his retirement the point was raised that he should be granted the honorary rank. It was a modest request. When one considers the great services he had rendered the nation and how inadequately they had been rewarded, and when, moreover, one realises that this carries no increase of pension, a point might surely have been stretched in his favour, if indeed it was necessary to stretch anything. The question came before the then military chief at the War Office and his advisers in such matters, and the request was unceremoniously refused; and, as it was a purely military matter, the War Secretary acquiesced. One may be sure that had Sir John Ardagh belonged to the military party which was then in the ascendant no difficulty would have been made. As no question of pay was involved, there was no reason to fear that the Treasury, the supreme arbiter in most military matters, would intervene. He might be made an honorary Field-Marshal for all the Treasury cared, so long as no extra pay was asked. Of course it would have been a barren honour, but still it should have been granted. We imagine that the real reason why Ardagh did not reach a higher position in the Army was because his composition did not include "push", and because the science of self-advertisement, as now practised by some of our modern generals, was not amongst the many subjects he had studied.

THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF MUSICIANS.

"An Illustrated Catalogue of the Music Loan Exhibition, held . . . by the Worshipful Company of Musicians at Fishmongers' Hall, June and July 1904." London: Novello. 1909. 21s. to Subscribers.

PROBABLY few people have heard of the existence of the Company of Musicians, and this is scarce surprising in view of the very little the company ever does for music. As, however, good King James the First of England granted its Charter on 8 July 1604, the company determined to show that it was still alive and doing well on its three-hundredth birthday; and to this end it arranged a public exhibition of printed and manuscript music, musical instruments, and portraits of celebrated and uncelebrated musicians. The exhibition was open in Fishmongers' Hall for three days in June and fourteen days of July 1904, and it was, we believe, fairly attended by the curious. In the list of names of the committee who arranged this festive matter we note those of a few musicians, an organ-builder, a clergyman, a military gentleman, a bank clerk, a music-publisher, a pianoforte-maker, and several amateurs, so that all classes may be said to have been represented. The committee seems to have expended all its spare energy over the festival itself; for it has taken it nearly five years to get out this catalogue. Messrs. Novello, in an apologetic Note, "regret the delay . . . due to the great difficulties which have been encountered in preparing the work". Our experience in such enterprises is that the principal difficulty lies, after the first glorious thrills of excitement have passed, in persuading the buoyant gentlemen to do what they promised. However, at last the catalogue is here, and a very handsome volume it is, beautifully printed on good paper, and the illustrations—particularly the reproductions of the portraits of Handel, Monteverde, and Haydn—beyond all praise. The edition, we may say, is limited to five hundred copies at a guinea apiece to subscribers

before a certain date; after that date the price was raised to two guineas. When we examine the contents with some care there appears no great reason to be joyful. The committee of the Company of Musicians had apparently no definite aim beyond that of heaping together a lot of quaint musical curiosities. The earliest specimens of printing have of course an interest; the early viols and fiddles have an interest; the great musicians' autographs have an interest. But these things can always be seen, if not under one roof, by those who really wish to see them; and when all has been said, what good was done by getting them together without the purpose of illustrating some intelligible artistic scheme? This exhibition—a musical exhibition—might at least have been so arranged as to show us what has been lost or gained during the last three centuries or more in the engraving of music and the making of instruments. Most folk connected with music stand urgently in need of such a lesson to-day. The best engraved music issued at present cannot match the best of the eighteenth century for beauty and clearness; though it is undoubtedly cheaper—and more trying to the eyes. In the case of organs and pianos, of flutes, clarinets, oboes, horns and trumpets, the quality of tone has grown worse during even the last fifty years. But from the shop-window, commercial point of view our modern instruments are vastly superior to the old—see how they shine, highly polished, neat and new-looking, full of or covered with complicated mechanical contrivances! We have no doubt that many an honest musical amateur left Fishmongers' Hall with contentment in his heart, perfectly satisfied that music was holding its own in that extraordinary race, the "progress" of the arts. Neither the little introductions to the sections of this catalogue nor the lectures delivered at the exhibition (and since published under the editorship of that very wonderful busybody, Mr. P. L. Southgate) are calculated to disillusion him. The quite untenable, though orthodox, view is taken: music, musical instruments and all things connected with music have improved and are improving. And the sad truth is that while a real and marvellous advance has been made on the mechanical side of the instruments the tone is steadily growing poorer. Most of the writers here, and also the exhibition lecturers, seem without sense of beauty. Any ordinary man will instantly feel the rare loveliness of the tone of an old spinet or viol if you play it for him; but these gentlemen calmly assure their readers that things are unmistakeably getting better and will soon be as right as can be. Neither have they any historical sense: doubtless they would hold a modern schoolboy's exercise to be finer than Chaucer's poems, on the ground that Chaucer did not spell correctly. However, the exhibition is over and forgotten; this catalogue will be useful to some folk; and the fine portraits are worth tearing out to frame. They are cheap at a guinea, though we would not willingly give two guineas for them. We beg leave to ask a question. We do not deny that an exhibition once in three centuries is a proof of striking vitality; but we think that the £866 given by the Worshipful Company to the hospitals out of the profits on a musician's work was deplorably misapplied; and we inquire, with all respect, what else, during the three centuries, the Company of Musicians has done to justify its charter and existence?

THEISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

"The Christian Doctrine of God." By W. N. Clarke. Edinburgh: Clark. 1909. 10s. 6d.

THE author of this book has arranged his subject on a system quite his own. The great theme is treated in three main divisions: first, God as He is in Himself; secondly, God in relation to man; and, finally, God in relation to the universe. Under the first division is considered, among other attributes, Personality and Love. But these attributes are regarded without reference to the doctrine of the Trinity. Thus the discussion so far is theistic without being Christian. Under the second division God is considered as Creator, as

Father, as Saviour, as Trinity, and as God in human life—that is to say, as incarnate.

The disadvantages of this treatment of the subject are obvious. In the first place, Divine Personality is considered without reference to the Trinity. This is essentially non-Christian; for the Christian doctrine is not theism plus trinitarianism as a sort of appendix; it is inherently and essentially trinitarian. And the consequence of this treatment is that Divine Personality is discussed twice over, once under the aspect of God as He is in Himself and again under His relation to mankind. The effect of this is that God is made to appear essentially unitarian, and only trinitarian relatively to mankind. This may not be what the author intends to teach: but it is nevertheless what his system suggests. No other effect can result when a philosophic discussion of Divine personality is conducted without the light which the doctrine of inner distinctions within God, and this alone, can give. A second disadvantage of this division is that the doctrine that God is Love is discussed apart from reference either to the Trinity or to mankind. The necessary result of this treatment is that the Divine Love is deprived of all object; even one merely finite and created. But surely it is quite impossible to do justice to this loftiest of all Divine attributes, apart from those inner differentiations within Deity which give it an eternal significance. A third disadvantage of this division is that the Fatherhood of God is considered exclusively in relation to mankind: to Jesus indeed as He is human, and then to all other men. But this is not the Christian doctrine: God is, in Christianity, "the Father, of Whom all fatherhood in heaven and on earth is named". "According to this notable utterance of S. Paul", says the present Dean of Westminster, "God is not only the universal Father, but the archetypal Father, the Father of Whom all other fathers are derivatives and types. So far from regarding the Divine fatherhood as a mode of speech in reference to the Godhead, derived by analogy from our conception of human fatherhood, the Apostle maintains that the very idea of fatherhood exists primarily in the Divine nature, and only by derivation in every other form of fatherhood, whether earthly or heavenly. The All-Father is the source of fatherhood wherever it is found." If this is the apostolic conception, then it follows that the assignment of God's Fatherhood to the department of relative attributes, contingent on the existence of mankind, is wholly inadequate, and indeed gravely misleading. A fourth disadvantage of the system before us is that the Doctrine of the Trinity is discussed exclusively on its experimental side; in relation, that is, to mankind.

And this leads us to say that there are clearly two distinct methods in which the Christian doctrine of God can be treated: there is the historic method and there is the dogmatic method. The historic method is to trace the process by which God revealed Himself to man, and man gradually came to realise the Divine characteristics. This is the experimental, the religious, way. The dogmatic method is that which begins with the sum total of the conception of God as presented in its most matured and completed form. This is the theological, the systematic, way. Each of these methods has its own distinct advantages. They may well be employed independently and successively. But they are wholly different, and they are more valuable when not confused. If we adopt the historic method, then we survey the field of religious experience from the crude, rudimentary, vague, unformed ideas of early mankind up to their perfected and profound conceptions of Deity. We trace the gradual evolution through the various stages of Polytheism, Pantheism, Dualism, Monotheism up to the Christian, the Trinitarian conception. In the process of this study of religions it is easy to show how all the great terms, Person, Love, Fatherhood, become filled with profounder contents as the religious, experimental and intellectual development of mankind matures. It is easily shown in this method how the knowledge of God as Trinity came to men in an experimental way, through their recognition of Jesus as Redeemer and the Spirit as Sanctifier. They had to co-ordinate their concep-

tions of Divine Unity with their acknowledgment of Jesus as, in the highest sense, God's Son. Thus Fatherhood became filled with profounder meaning. It denoted an essential Divine characteristic and Divine distinction. It is also clear that the full revelation of God as Love waited for the correlative revelation of the Father and the Son. The author has stated part of this. "The early Christian experience contained the elements out of which was formed the doctrine of the Trinity." "It was indebted for this fresh manifestation of God to Jesus." But we cannot feel that adequate emphasis is laid on the distinctive sense in which Christ revealed the Fatherhood of God. We miss the recognition of the fact, which Harnack sees but cannot account for, that Jesus puts into the words *My God and My Father* something which belongs to no one but Himself.

But, in addition to the historic treatment of the Doctrine of God, there is the dogmatic exposition of the perfected Christian conception. Here the position is reversed. We begin with no crude and partial statement of the Christian truth. We start with no mere Unitarian view, but with the distinctively Christian features of the doctrine in their fulness and completion. We do not regard the Trinitarian conception as an extra to be tacked on to a theory of Deity otherwise complete. On the contrary, we begin with the Christian doctrine as essentially and inherently Trinitarian. The metaphysics of personality may be here introduced for the elucidation and confirmation of a doctrine traditionally known and proclaimed by the Christian Society. The sublime assertion that God is Love will, in this aspect, run no risk of being watered down into a theory of universal benevolence. It will be shown as another form of affirming the Trinity. The doctrine of Fatherhood will, in this method, be recognised as by no means primarily a "tenderer equivalent for creatorship", but as archetypal and correlative to the existence of the Eternal Son. And in this dogmatic exposition it will be from the essential characteristics of God that thought will proceed to develop His relation to mankind.

These are the contrasted ways. They are here briefly indicated in outline as a reminder of their difference. Either way may be advantageously pursued. But they ought not to be confused. The advantages of placing the dogmatic or theoretic method after the historical are numerous. This order is congenial to the historic spirit of the age. It does ample justice to the experimental side of religion. It forms a natural basis for abstract and theological exposition. What men have thought may conduce to indicate what men should think.

But the method pursued in this volume sets a crude dogmatic exposition of a doctrine which is Theism, but not Christianity, in the forefront of an exposition of the teaching of Jesus about God; with the grave disadvantages already noted.

Apart from these serious disadvantages of method, there is much clear and readable exposition of these great themes. There is no attempt to demonstrate that the Christian God exists. The attempt is considered "quite contrary to the Christian idea". There is a decided belief that "finality has never been reached", and that, in conceptions of God, it is unattainable. On the whole the author's earlier book, "Outlines of Christian Theology", is an abler volume than the present.

MARSHALS OF FRANCE.

"Napoleon's Marshals." By R. P. Dunn-Pattison.
London: Methuen. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

ALL who have studied the Napoleonic wars and the far greater number of readers of general history of that period must have been puzzled at times by the meteoric appearance of some of Napoleon's Marshals on some particular theatre of war. Whence did they come and whither did they go and for what reasons? The problems thus presented were not made less complex by the kaleidoscopic changes in rank and titles which Napoleon made it a part of his system to bestow upon those whom he elected to honour, at any rate outwardly. What his private

opinions were of them and their capabilities can best be gathered from his brutal remarks on them made at S. Helena and elsewhere. The General of yesterday became the Count of to-day and the Duke, Prince, or Marshal of the morrow, and in Napoleon's bulletins were referred to by their latest titles with bewildering promptitude. We have known keen students of military history who have found it necessary to tabulate the Generals and Marshals of the Empire under their various titles for ready reference. Mr. Dunn-Pattison has evidently experienced the same difficulties and has wisely begun his book with a synopsis of the twenty-six soldiers of various nationalities who attained the rank of Marshal of France under Napoleon's rule. This records their names, dates of birth, and various titles, and gives a column showing "how disposed of", and their ages when they died. It is a curious commentary upon the risks of warfare of this period, at any rate among the higher ranks, that among these twenty-six warriors who had taken part in almost countless engagements from 1804 onwards two, and two only, Lannes and Bessières, actually met their deaths on the battlefield. With the exception of the gallant Poniatowski, who was drowned in the Elster whilst nobly covering Napoleon's retreat from Leipzig, Ney, Murat, and Brune, who were shot or murdered in 1815 after the cessation of hostilities, and Mortier, who was slain by Fieschi's bomb in 1842, all the other Marshals died natural deaths at an average age of over seventy-one, six exceeding eighty years of age. Apparently the employment of a Marshal of France during the incessant fighting between 1804 and 1815 would hardly be classified as a dangerous trade nowadays.

It was a common and accepted saying of our forefathers that Napoleon's armies were composed of brigands. The lapse of time may have softened our views, but it is notorious that Napoleon's system of making war support war led to an enormous amount of plundering and rapine, both official and unofficial. Readers of this book will see how just was the old verdict and how those Marshals were, with but few exceptions, simply brigand chiefs, adorned with brilliant uniforms and mushroom titles and enriched by their brigand leader with the plunder of the nations he successively crushed, as well as by their own private efforts in imitation of his methods. The conditions were, of course, altogether exceptional, for owing to the Revolution many of the Marshals had sprung from the lower classes, and it is instructive to note how often when they rose to the occasion and acted in other respects as honourable and high-class soldiers, they could not avoid the besetting sin of the adventurer—avarice. Thus Masséna, certainly one of the very ablest of the Marshals, repeatedly showed the greed and cruelty of the low-class Italian he undoubtedly was. Napoleon's drastic step in calmly appropriating the three million francs which Masséna had wrung from the luckless Neapolitans and placed to his own account in the bank at Leghorn is a delightful example of a thief catching a thief.

For the well-read in Napoleonic literature there is little new in this book, yet we imagine that many readers will find some of the details both interesting and instructive. But in setting forth the brilliant services of these Marshals the whole pitiful tale of their jealousies and foibles has of necessity been repeated. We read of Murat's insane vanity which led him to masquerade in ridiculous costumes and caused his stern master to say: "Go and put on your uniform, you look like a clown"; of Soult's audacious schemes, of Ney's and Victor's rebellious conduct, of the mutual hatreds and jealousies of one and all. Even in Mortier, who was conspicuously free from jealousy, the mean avarice of the peasant was painfully apparent. Soult was equally avaricious and jealous to boot. It is interesting to note how many of the men whom Napoleon selected to promote had, in the chaos due to the Revolution, risen from the ranks to high command in a few months. Thus Victor was only nine months from private soldier to battalion commander, and several others were not much longer. Often the command of a brigade was followed only a few weeks later by that of

a division; colonels were twenty-one years of age and generals twenty-four. Such early promotion, combined with defective education due to their obscure origin, was not seldom detrimental to the subsequent development of these fortunate young soldiers. Much can be learned in the field, but the absence of a good military education was one of the causes why so many of the Marshals were poor tacticians and utterly ignorant of strategy. On the other hand, it is fair to note that some of them who had served for long periods in subordinate positions seemed incapable of exercising independent command. Serurier had thirty-four years' regimental service, and was a case in point. Even the gifted Berthier, the famous Chief of the Staff to the Emperor, although his twenty-three years' prior service had made him admirable at staff duties, was declared by his master to be unfit to command independently, nor did he wish to, but was content to serve with "dog-like fidelity". Again, some of the Marshals lacked the moral courage to act decisively and to expend troops at critical moments in order to secure or to confirm a victory. Ney pointed out to Napoleon that the battle of Smolensk was no victory, since the Russians had been "dislodged, not beaten".

How Napoleon was led to select his Marshals is a study in itself. His primary object was to strengthen his position by linking their destinies with his own, but he had also to provide for men such as Brune and Lefebvre, whose dangerous Republican principles were prejudicial to his schemes. Others, such as Serurier, Kellermann, and Pérignon, had to be selected as connecting the victories of the Revolutionary wars with those of the Empire. As strategists, Masséna and Soult stand first; Davout was a great tactician, and Napoleon showed his appreciation of this by giving him the command of 140,000 men in Prussia in 1811. It was his far-reaching victory of Austerlitz which made his reputation as a tactician for all time. The author refers to this as a masterpiece of minor tactics! Davout commanded 23,000 men, and by his brilliant manoeuvres beat 45,000 Prussians on this day. There are a few slips and misprints—Crawford for Crauford, Ulces for Ucles, El Bodin for El Bodon. The book is decidedly good, and would be even better had the author refrained from repeating sundry French accounts of the prodigies of valour of the one man against a hundred type ascribed to some of the Marshals, which are painfully suggestive of some of Baron Marbot's performances.

NOVELS.

"Studies in Wives." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. London: Heinemann. 1909. 6s.

If you come to think of it, most modern novels are studies in wives, but the title chosen by Mrs. Lowndes fits well enough this collection of six short stories. They are obviously the work of a clever journalist with a keen eye for character and an uncertainty about style. The themes demand a more crisp kind of writing, a greater determination to reject the superfluous word, than their writer has given them. The wives range from a lady who spends an illicit honeymoon in London with a stranger met by chance in the train, and then poisons her elderly husband, to the blameless and rather stupid wife of a brilliant politician. We are reminded, rather too frequently for our old-fashioned taste, that many modern young women refuse to bear children. Mrs. Lowndes is very uncertain about those little touches—rather unnecessary in any case—which show the reader that the author knows some trifling fact which will perhaps be new to the public. For example, she describes excellently in the main the effect which a brilliant young Irish singer and her old Irish nurse produce as residents in a dull English provincial town. But it is not, as she thinks, "an Irish idiosyncrasy" for a servant to call her master "Mr. So-and-so". This is exactly what the inferior English domestic invariably does, but no Irish servant would use any style but "Sir" unless meaning deliberately to be impertinent. We rather like the notion

of a singer so oppressed by her husband's bourgeois Anglo-Saxon surroundings that she sent him an entirely imaginary confession of unfaithfulness in order to escape back to the concert-room. Another story is an apt study of a young wife living in a London set which is far too rich for her means by drawing subsidies from a male friend while remaining strictly virtuous. When honour goes out of date virtue is doubtless regarded as a merely physical fact. There is a brilliant description of a ten-year leasehold liaison masquerading as marriage, with its unexpected results upon the man and the woman. In fact every story is clever and readable—though we in our innocence cannot quite see why, if a Cabinet Minister falls dead in the afternoon in a respectable drawing-room where he is known to take tea constantly, the fact should be regarded as so fatal to his middle-aged hostess' reputation that his wife must be summoned on the telephone to get the corpse away in a cab. Can it be that for all the cleverness and up-to-dateness and all the rest of it the writer of these stories is slightly lacking in humour?

"Frank Burnet." By Dorothy V. Horace Smith. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

Marchington Manor belonged to Miss Phillis, and Frank belonged to Marchington Vicarage, which was the family living. After philandering with art to near the end of the book he followed at last his hereditary bent; though he would hardly develop into the more robust type of parson, unless Miss Phillis greatly altered him. The real artist was Wattie, the blacksmith's boy, whose study of horses got mixed up in a rather unconvincing way with Frank's work, and was accepted by the Academy. There is here some good if sketchy character-drawing, a pleasant picture of country life, and apparently a touching faith in the cachet of Burlington House.

"The First Law." By Lady Troubridge. London: Mills and Boon. 1909. 6s.

A valued waiter of our acquaintance used every morning to ask us to return the halfpenny paper after breakfast because his wife was "absorbed in" its serial story. He was so anxious about it that presently we began to glance at the story ourselves. This novel reminds us of it. The suburban sentiment, wholesome if sticky, the adroit piling-up of sensational incident, and the implicit insistence on the great gulf fixed between "the quality" and the lower orders (beginning with the family solicitor) are excellently devised to render the book absorbing to a certain class of reader.

"The Road of No Return." By A. C. Inchbold. London: Chatto and Windus. 1909. 6s.

This is a serious novel from which the reader will glean information about the Russian revolutionary party, the Orthodox Greek Church, and the shrines and scenery of the Holy Land. There is a story as well, serving as a vehicle for all this, but not otherwise of great interest or originality.

"The Runaways." By R. Andom. London: Greening. 1909. 3s. 6d.

"Being", says the sub-title, "some early adventures of Troddles and us"—four schoolboys, whose nautical and other experiences are as incredible as the drawing of the lads themselves is conventional; but as a sort of slangy juvenile extravaganza the story is ingenious, and at least it is all en plein air.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"On the Oxford Circuit, and Other Verses." By Mr. Justice Darling. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 5s. net.

Mr. Justice Darling is our only poet who wears the ermine as well as the bays. We may say of his poetry what may be said of his judicial humour, that it is not so striking by its merit as by its unexpectedness in coming from such a professionally incongruous source. There is the curiosity of seeing the trick performed at all, as has been remarked about

canine dancing. In his little collection of verse Mr. Justice Darling gives us both the grave and the gay, and we find that both as poet and judge it is his lighter and not his more solemn note that pleases us most. The grave is represented by some three hundred lines of hexameters and by thirteen sonnets. Both forms are admittedly the most difficult of verse to handle, and unless the poetic fire is very strongly glowing it is more apt to be extinguished than to shine through. Mr. Justice Darling in his sonnets celebrates Rodin, Coquelin, General Picquart, Viscount Milner, J. McNeill Whistler and some others. One appreciates the difficulty of writing on these admirable subjects so as to avoid the appearance of the epitaph and to give the effect of the Shakespearean or Miltonian or Wordsworthian sonnet, and Mr. Justice Darling more evidently achieves the epitaph. Besides he cultivates the sonnet's measured plot of ground with so many awkward ditches of parenthetical dashes that it is only to be crossed in a risky steeplechase. Mr. Justice Darling is as dashing a sonneteer as he is a judge. We turn with pleasure to the "Occasional Verses" and admire their ease and cleverness and brightness. *Meditans nugarum* Mr. Justice Darling can write even a sonnet, as that to E.H.P. K.C., which is not heavy. It is easy enough, bar the dashes, to go with the "Occasional Verses". "On the Oxford Circuit" describes a judge's progress on circuit, and the burlesque hexameters are not inappropriate to the subject so far. But Mr. Justice Darling had in mind a particular judge, Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, who in 1854 died on the Bench at Stafford while charging the Grand Jury. The end comes as an unexpected and startling climax to the reader. The piece is successful and Mr. Justice Darling is justified of his mock hexameters. They were instinctively well chosen to produce the ghastly bizarre effect of death in such surroundings. The legal epigrams, "Marginal Memoranda" prompted by certain well-known legal maxims, will be better appreciated for their twists and quirks by the lawyer than by the layman. To show the characteristic Darlinesque manner we quote one, the only one non-legal, which is in French—"Le Pêcheur Dévot":

"Au diable tenir une chandelle
L'Eglise condamne, comme grave péché.
Pour que l'offense ne soit mortelle,
J'en offre de mauvaise qualité."

"The School of Madrid." By A. de Bernete y Moret. Translated by Mrs. Steuart Erskine. London: Duckworth. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

In his study of a group of painters, imitators, and successors of Velasquez, of whom little has hitherto been known, Señor de Bernete y Moret continues and supplements the work of his father, whose book on Velasquez, published some three years ago, has already become a classic. Velasquez himself Señor Bernete declines for obvious reasons to discuss in any detail. His task is the exploration of that unknown country from which the figure of the great Spanish master emerges so unexpectedly. The period to be studied covers some seventy-five years from the arrival of Velasquez at the Court of Madrid in 1623 to the death of Claudio Coello at the end of the century. Of these successors of Velasquez who go to form the school of Madrid, that artist's pupil and son-in-law Del Mazo is the protagonist and the hero of the story. To this Amico di Velasquez, who so successfully "concealed his want of originality under an undeniable talent", working always before the master's eye, using the same materials in the same surroundings, are now ascribed with all confidence many canvases which bear a close resemblance to the work of Velasquez himself, and yet just lack something of his distinction and brio. While perhaps some few may not grudge Del Mazo the superb Admiral of the National Gallery, there will surely be many dissentient voices with regard to the curiously fascinating "Lady with a Mantilla" belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, a picture which, when shown for the first time in 1901 at the Guildhall, riveted all attention, and though disclaimed by the elder Bernete was unhesitatingly recognised by most English critics as from the hand of Velasquez himself. Several of the reproductions have been photographed for the first time especially for this book, which to students of the Spanish school should prove invaluable.

"Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity and Evolution." By Robert Heath Lock. London: Murray. 1909. 5s. net.

One very important feature in Mr. Lock's book is its insistence on the practical results which flow from the researches and experiments of recent years into the laws of variation and heredity. Apart from the theoretical student of biology there are two classes of readers who will find in

the book the history of discoveries and experiments bearing directly on problems which interest them. They are the cultivators and breeders of plants and animals and the students of sociology, whose science is futile unless it is based upon the laws of man's physical life. The experiments on the Cambridge experimental farm show how the art of producing strains with desired qualities may be founded on definitely ascertained laws so that the product is of greatly increased commercial value. The sociologist may also see in these results a promise of a time when the eugenics of human beings may have still more important consequences on our politics and social conditions. It must be understood also that the book, which is now in its second edition, is addressed mainly to scientific students to whom the views of the Mendelians and Mutationists are phases of the Darwinian controversy which need to be mastered. But the Mendelian laws as expounded by Mr. Lock remain, after all his efforts to make them familiar to the general reader, hard reading. For those possessing a fair groundwork of biological science, however, this book may be recommended, as Dr. Wallace recommends it, for the thorough comprehension of one side in a great dispute.

"Sir Redvers Buller." By Lewis Butler. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 6s.

This work does not pretend to be in any way an exhaustive account of Sir Redvers Buller's career. That will appear in due time by an experienced pen; and then perhaps at last we shall know the real truth about a man who was undoubtedly treated with great injustice by his contemporaries, military and political, and whose later actions have purposely been enshrouded in considerable mystery. Mr. Butler gives us a very clear picture, drawn by a sympathetic hand, of one who was a conspicuous leader of men, a strong personality, and a great organiser and administrator. Even from the standpoint of his severest detractors, he was largely the victim of circumstances, and the worst possible construction was placed on what he did. His failure in South Africa is by no means yet proven. And as to his previous career, there cannot be two opinions. With Sir Evelyn Wood he was the life and soul of the Zulu campaign. After his work in Egypt and the Soudan came his long, perhaps too long, sojourn at the War Office, during the course of which he filled the post of Adjutant-General more successfully, it is universally admitted, than almost any other holder of that office in modern times. He might have been Commander-in-Chief in India, and he was very nearly being the Chief at home. He might at least have been given his bâton. His services clearly entitled him to this honour.

"Rambles in Sussex." By F. G. Brabant M.A. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s. net.

The reference which Mr. Brabant in his preface makes to his earlier handbook to Sussex in the "Little Guides" series invites a comparison which is rather hard on the present volume. The Little Guide was distinguished by a gift of compendious accuracy almost amounting to genius; the "Rambles", though they are both exact and full, and as a book for the study make an excellent complement to the pocket gazetteer, yet suffer (as the author in his preface seems to fear they may) from an inevitable likeness to other books of that increasing class which presents the history, archaeology, natural beauties, and local humours of a county in a readable form. Mr. Brabant adopts the peripatetic method in showing us the country, making excursions from successive centres. His strongest point is the summary descriptions of the architectural features of the village churches. The number of cases in which we are told that "the church has unfortunately been quite spoilt by restoration", or has been "modernised", or "contains little of interest" is a decidedly depressing list.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Juillet.

This is a strong number. It contains an article of great political interest by M. Tardieu on the relations between France and Germany. His conclusions are preceded by a sketch of events during the last three years, and this is more useful than the programme he lays down for the future, which is in truth neither particularly illuminating nor original. He laughs at the idea of the financial arrangements dreamed of by some hot-headed partisans of an entente. But very excellent reasons against France quarrelling with anyone are supplied by M. Blanchon in his "Balance-sheet of the French Navy", in which he elaborates in a most damaging catalogue the grave defects we already knew in brief. France, in fact, has not a Navy sufficient either to defend her own shores or her colonies; the efficient ships she does possess form a catalogue of samples rather than a coherent fighting force. There is anarchy in all the

sections of controlling authorities, and also in the lower ranks. At least forty millions sterling are wanted to put things on a moderately sound footing. This is the result of forty years of the Republic, and a naval department conducted solely with an eye to party politics and pots de vin.

THE JULY REVIEWS.

Imperial defence and the Budget are the outstanding topics in the Reviews. In the "Fortnightly" Mr. Archibald Hurd makes a suggestion towards an imperial fleet and Mr. Geoffrey Drage cries "Back to the Sea". Mr. Hurd's scheme is to maintain the two-Power standard without subvention or other assistance from the oversea dominions, the self-governing colonies agreeing to a "dual scheme of defence" which would aim at their own protection if they were in jeopardy and at the wider duties involved in command of the sea; all should contribute a definite sum to the maintenance of an imperial flying squadron which would be the nucleus of the imperial navy. The Empire should decide upon "a fitting measure of naval defence" to-day so that it might be prepared to fight, if necessary, in 1913. Mr. Drage would not only send our boys to sea, but he would have an imperial organisation for sea service. Every elementary and secondary school would have a sub-target, and he says "the time is very near at hand when the golf links will have to be exchanged for the rifle range". In the "Nineteenth Century" Sir Charles Tupper is energetically patriotic, but a little vague on the question of the precise part the colonies should play in imperial defence, whilst Mr. Frewen Lord is precise as he is emphatic. He would not allow a Cabinet to hold office in any part of the Empire which was not sound on five points—a supreme Navy, universal military service, the preservation of our "Anglo-Saxon" stock throughout the world, a preferential tariff, and the teaching of imperial rights and duties in every school and university throughout the Empire. To Mr. Lord these five points are like the fingers of one's hand, "they cannot be separated". Dreadnought in the "National", who meets the possible charge that he is giving valuable information to foreign Powers with the crushing remark that he is merely telling Englishmen what every foreigner knows, demands the entire reorganisation of the Board of Admiralty, and the raising of a loan of £100,000,000. Dreadnought seems to be a Beresford man on all points except the amount of money to be spent; on that he demands £40,000,000 more than Lord Charles would spend. "Blackwood" calls the naval policy of the Government the great betrayal. "To leave the Empire defenceless, while they are destroying the institutions on which it has hitherto reposed, is now the policy of a Cabinet supported by a majority of three hundred in the House of Commons." "Blackwood" looks to the Lords to provide means, "however sharp or unfamiliar", which shall deliver the country from "this Government of treachery and tyranny". In the "Empire Review" Colonel St. John Fancourt, with more restraint than "Blackwood", says that the Government have made changes vitally affecting imperial interests. He discusses imperial defence under geographical limitations. Recent strategical changes in the distribution of the fleet, he says, have not secured the country against invasion, though they have seriously weakened the military strength of our imperial frontiers, and he demands a fleet which will enable the Empire in time of war to act on interior lines so that the parts can come to each other's assistance as emergencies may render necessary.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant in the "Fortnightly" enters a plea for a Franco-German rapprochement: a reconciliation would, he says, be a deliverance for the whole world, by which apparently he means a deliverance from the crushing burden of an "armed peace". It would of course be a relief chiefly to France and Germany; it would not break the tension in other directions, and would probably convince the editor of the "National" that Germany had seized the opportunity of composing all differences with France in order to be free to deal with Great Britain. This month he finds that Germany is "the grand international agent provocateur" and derives comfort only from the fact that Prince Bülow has not Prince Bismarck's genius for controlling "the machinery of mischief-making". As to the Bismarckian rôle Mr. Charles Lowe has an extremely interesting article in the "Contemporary", in which he sets forth "the true causes" of the Franco-German war. He traces them to French fears and desire to frustrate the unification of Germany, and warns Great Britain that her suspicions of Germany to-day are on all fours with French suspicions forty years ago. In the same Review Dr. Dillon

(Continued on page 56.)

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suggests that the next great war in Europe will not be waged between Germany and Great Britain, Germany and Russia, or Germany and France, but by one group of States against another. Germany and Austria, he says, will henceforth present a united front. Mr. Brailsford in the "English Review" denounces groups, and urges that we should end their latent antagonism by a real concert of Europe. Mr. Aeneas O'Neill in the "Nineteenth Century" declares it to be a mistake to regard the Dual Monarchy as the prisoner of Germany. He finds that a basis for a good understanding between Austria, Russia, and England exists, which, while leaving the Triple Alliance free to maintain the balance of power, would prevent its being made an instrument in the hands of "Prussia-Germany".

The Budget has a confident defender in Mr. J. A. Hobson in the "English Review"; he is of course delighted with the land, liquor, and income taxes; they express and enforce the new Liberal finance which he regards as "a defence and a justification of Free Trade, by showing that a large increase of revenue can be obtained without recourse to protective duties". To Mr. Hobson the significance of the Budget is that it paves the way to an "economic survey, indispensable to the provident conduct of public finance". The article is a fine sample of perverted principle, due to the necessity of bolstering up an exploded fiscal ideal. We get into closer touch with fact when we turn to Mr. Pretymann in the "National", and Sir Felix Schuster and Mr. W. S. Rosenbaum in the "Nineteenth Century". What Mr. Hobson regards as provident is seen to be the providence of the spendthrift, under the sanction of an inquisition. Mr. Pretymann, as a landowner who has given the question attention from both the personal and the public point of view, says that if the forced valuation is enacted the landowner's security is gone, and with it his responsibility. Incidentally Mr. Pretymann points out that to escape a tariff which would provide all we want in the way of fresh revenue the Government are imposing new taxes on tobacco, spirits and licences that will cost the consumer some £22,000,000. Sir Felix Schuster in his denunciation of the "unsound and demoralising" death duties, appeals to Adam Smith, but Adam Smith is only listened to by Radical financiers when the principles he laid down can be made to apply to circumstances totally different from those of which he had cognisance. Mr. Rosenbaum is naturally statistical; he shows up anomalies and actual errors in the estimates, explains the intolerable burden which the Government is putting upon capital, and can find only one principle in the Budget—an attempt to justify the confiscation of wealth, a principle "too hazardous and revolutionary to be tamely submitted to by the nation".

Lord Selborne contributes a very judicial article on the native problem in South Africa to "The East and the West". No problem, either on the political or on the social side, is more anxious and in its development more charged with pathos. Lord Selborne says plainly that the white man must make himself responsible for the education of the black and must see that justice is done. With notable exceptions, the black man after a hundred years of contact with civilisation cannot hope to place himself on an equality with the white man, who has two thousand years of civilisation behind him. That is a natural barrier from the racial point of view, but what of the exceptions? Perhaps the best answer is to be found in a powerful study of the social relations of an educated and gifted negro with the white man given by Mr. Cunninghame Graham in the "English Review". If Mirahuano could not be taken to the homes of his white friends, what chance has the black man ever of being regarded as little else than a pariah? And the bitterness of it to the sensitive man! "Think of my life: my very God is white, made in your image, imposed upon my race by yours." Mirahuano's end, told with a few graphic and dramatic touches, was inevitable. Native problems of a different order are those of India, on which Mr. H. C. Streatfeild writes in the "Nineteenth Century", and of Morocco under Mulai Hafid—or any other Sultan for that matter—of which Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett gives a picturesque account in the "National". Affairs in Morocco have become a tragi-farce. Officers who know no Arabic drill, troops who know no English, and a disorganised rabble march to the strains of "The British Grenadiers" and the "Marseillaise". Mulai Hafid is unhappy on the throne, whilst Abd el Aziz plays polo, enjoys life in Tangier, and looks back upon his reign as a nightmare.

Among the miscellaneous items in the Reviews is an article by Mr. and Mrs. Whetham in the "Nineteenth Century" on the extinction of the upper classes which is worth serious study. The upper classes include professional men and the best artisans as well as the aristocracy. The diminution in the number of children born to parents whose attributes of mind and body or professional and business attainments

make it desirable that the stock should be handed down is shown to be rapid and continuous; there is no falling-off in the families begotten by the improvident and the feeble-minded; and hence the nation is no longer being recruited from above, but from below. The warning as to the certain consequences should not go unheeded. Of George Meredith Mr. Edward Clodd gives some intimate recollections in the "Fortnightly"; and Mr. G. K. Chesterton discusses his philosophy in paradoxical and wholly Chestertonian vein in the "Contemporary". Mr. Chesterton also writes in the "Oxford and Cambridge Review" on Milton and his age; the most important article in the "Oxford and Cambridge" is, however, not Mr. Chesterton's, but Major Silburn's on the possible secession of South Africa as the result of allowing the Boers to supersede Lord Milner's great work. Major Silburn has the courage to say what many feel but try to disguise in a rush of false sentiment.

For this Week's Books see page 58.



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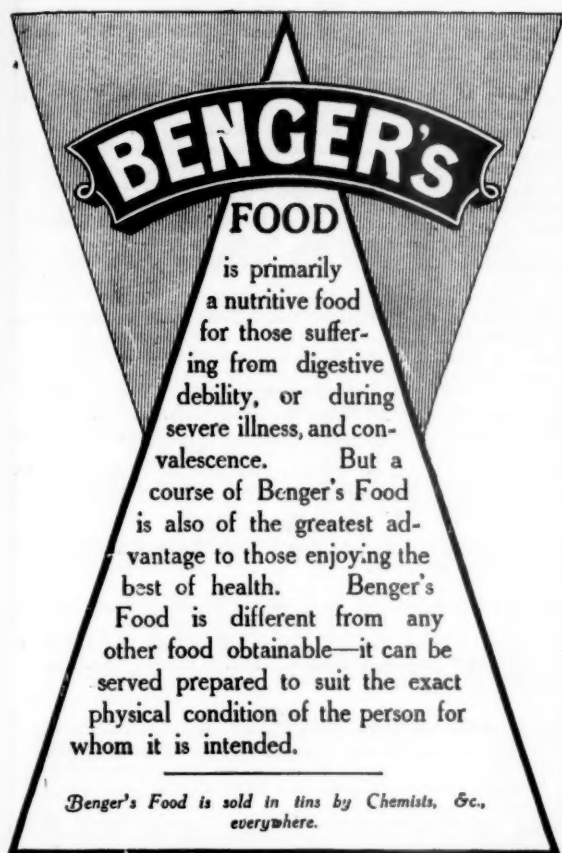
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Mr. Adolph Tuck (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, pointed out that
the many millions decrease officially recorded in both the import and
export trade of the country during the past year included among them
some of the more modest thousands lost to the turnover of this Company,
with the natural sequence that the dividend showed a decrease, namely,
5 per cent. against the 6 per cent. declared last year. Another reassuring
feature was that it was practically the home trade alone which was
responsible for their set-back. With the single exception of South Africa,
which, despite its gold mine boom, made but slow recovery from the trade
stagnation since the war, their over-seas trade had actually showed an
advance during the past year, while their trade in European countries also
showed an increase, the one exception being France, the set-back there,
however, being more than made up by the advance in their German trade.
While both France and Germany were countries where high protective
tariffs existed, there was this distinction in the policy of these two great
Continental nations, that whereas all art productions in their particular
sphere were heavily taxed in France, Germany, rightly viewing art culture
as an important adjunct to education generally, admitted both printed
and painted works of art of every kind practically free. At no time in the
history of the firm had Tuck's Christmas and New Year's cards occupied
a higher plane than they did at the present moment, and this in every
part of the world. If the opinion of the trade and the entire trade Press
counted for anything, the magnificent collection of upwards of 4,000 designs
they had placed on the market this year exhibited a far greater than the
ordinary year's advance over every one of its predecessors. Their
Royal collection of cards this year contained an entirely new series after
the originals, which they again had the honour of painting for the
various Royal houses, who granted them their gracious permission to
reproduce their Royal Christmas cards last year, this unique honour
being again accorded them this year, and also for the first time by
their Imperial Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and their
Majesties the King and Queen of Italy. With regard to the other depart-
ments, the engraving and photogravure occupied a firmer position each year,
and the picture postcards promised to prove a considerable advantage to the
Company. The net profits of the year total £29,973 9s. 3d., and adding
thereto the balance brought forward from last year—£23,288 14s.—there is
a grand total of £53,262 3s. 3d. From this deduct directors' remuneration
£25,500, preference dividends paid to shareholders to January 1, 1909,
£9,166 13s. 4d., further preference dividends paid from January 1, 1909, to
April 30, 1909—£4,583 6s. 8d.—and the interim dividend paid on the
ordinary shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum to the half-year
ended October 31, 1908, £6,250. These totals already paid out of profits
during the past year amount to exactly £20,000, thus leaving the sum of
£33,262 3s. 3d. for disposal. Out of this the directors recommend a
dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum for
the half-year ended April 30, 1909, making, with the interim dividend
already paid on the ordinary shares, 5 per cent. for the year. This
leaves the sum of £23,212 3s. 3d. to be carried forward to next year. The
directors have closely followed last year's precedent—that is, they are
dividing practically the whole of the profits made during the year, placing
nothing to the reserve account, for the second time in the history of
the Company, but withdrawing nothing therefrom, so that the financial
position remains unimpaired, the capital reserve account standing, as last
year, at £28,845 5s. 2d.; the general reserve account the same as last year,
at £32,500; the special dividend reserve of £33,690 2s. 7d., against
£32,822 10s. 9d., a grand reserve total of £75,935 7s. 9d., this giving an
increase of £267 11s. 10d. over last year. He trusted that the recom-
mendations made by the directors would commend themselves as sound finance,
and that the principle followed by them to maintain the strong financial
position of the Company would have the shareholders' unanimous support.
The net liquid assets of nearly £100,000, after providing for every
liability, a total of over £80,000 in outstanding accounts, stocks, taken
below cost, at over £60,000, valuable long leasehold buildings absolutely
unencumbered—all these would give the best possible proof that at no
period in its history had the Company been in a sounder financial position
than at this present moment. The slightest upward movement in trade,
which would be easily met by present expenditure, must, perforce, react
to the advantage of the Company, and produce an immediate appreciable
increase in its profits.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seconded the motion, which was carried
unanimously.

NATIONAL MINERALS CORPORATION.

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the National Minerals Corporation,
Limited, was held on Tuesday, at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C.,
Mr. Horace Barrett (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. A. Donne, F.C.I.S.) having read the notice con-
vening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: We consider we are in a very satisfactory con-
dition, and I think that you will agree that there is good ground for that
when you refer to the balance-sheet and see the profit that we have made.
We might have declared a dividend, but we are a young company, and we
prefer to conserve our strength, especially as we intend, if fortune con-
tinues to favour us, to declare substantial dividends in the future. I hope,
speaking for myself, that ere long an interim dividend may be declared.
You are aware that this Company was formed essentially with a view to
acquiring mining properties, and you also know that we have made the
county of Cornwall the active scene of our operations. There are un-
doubtedly in Cornwall most valuable minerals, and we have no doubt that
we have the pick and hold some of the very best properties. Your company
is a parent and finance company. It has floated—and successfully floated—the
St. Ives Consolidated Mines, Limited, which took over the St. Ives
group of your Company's properties, including the Trenwith Mine, to which
I shall refer presently, and which latter, by reason of its value and the
absolute necessity for independent attention, could not well be worked in
conjunction with the other properties of the group. The British Radium
Corporation was therefore formed to take it over and work it. That com-
pany has a capital of £40,000, and the whole of its issued shares are held
by the St. Ives Consolidated Mines, Limited, in which, as you will have
gathered from the report and accounts, your Company has the predomi-
nating holding. Formerly all the mining sets were worked as separate units,
which often proved costly and disadvantageous. We have altered that, and
have proceeded to consolidate the sets and to work out a policy of cen-
tralisation. We thus achieve economy by generating power at a central
station, which will enable us to work all the sets from one head under the
most economical conditions. There will be pumps, mills, hauling-gear, rock-
drills, and air-compressor plants—everything, in fact, necessary for driving
from the central power station at a minimum cost. At the Giew Mine the
electrical power plant is actually finished and ready for operation. In this
connection I may refer you to the latest progress report of our consulting
mining engineer, Mr. Dietzsch, a print of which was sent to you with the
notice convening this meeting. The entire plant is of the most modern type,
selected with great care under the superintendence of the consulting civil
engineers (Sir Douglas Fox and Partners) and the consulting mining
engineer (Mr. Ferdinand Dietzsch). We consider that we are very for-
tunate in acquiring in the St. Ives properties mines which in the past—
though worked under the most crude and antiquated methods, and in
comparatively shallow depths only—have produced very large sums. Now
that we are able to tackle them with up-to-date and modern methods, we
have no doubt that their yield will reach the highest possible expectations.
There is the Trenwith Mine, which was formerly worked for copper only.
The preliminary development has been proceeded with to our entire satis-
faction, and we have no doubt that before we meet again results more than
satisfactory will be available to the shareholders. Sir Wm. Ramsay (the
chief consulting chemist to the British Radium Corporation, Limited) has
justified the original prognosis. He has produced radium—and he has pro-
duced it by his new and secret process. The stage of the laboratory is past,
and he has been able to produce this precious article on a commercial scale.
Samples of the radium are in the Company's office. We are, as to the
recovery of radium, in a unique position; we have the control of a new and
successful process (to which I shall refer presently) for the treatment of pitch-
blende and other ores, and we have also the benefit of Sir William Ramsay's
new process for the extraction of radium, which process is cheaper, quicker,
and more effective than any process hitherto known. So satisfied are the
directors of the British Radium Corporation, Limited, that steps have been
taken to acquire a site on which to erect a suitable factory with the neces-
sary plant for the production of radium, and as the St. Ives Consolidated
Mines, Limited, hold the issued shares of the British Radium Corporation,
and have a call at par on the unissued shares, and as your Company has the
very large holding to which I have referred in the St. Ives Consolidated
Mines, Limited, there can be no doubt as to the value of your Company's
interest in that direction. The plans and specifications for the factory are
now in possession of the Company, so that we may expect to hear something
very satisfactory with regard to the erection of a factory and the production
of further radium at a very early date. There is no anxiety whatever on the
part of the directors as to their being able to dispose of the radium upon
highly remunerative terms. Indeed, some of your directors have already
been approached by influential persons, one of whom, I understand, is a
shareholder of this Company, who are prepared to offer a good and substan-
tial price for the radium produced. I should mention, also, that there is a
large demand for crude pitchblende and pitchblende concentrates. Many
applications have been made to your Board to supply pitchblende
and pitchblende concentrates, but we have made no contract in that
connection; we much prefer to sell radium. Apart from the radium,
the uranium oxide (many pounds in weight of which have been extracted
and furnished by Sir William Ramsay) is of itself a valuable com-
modity, and will alone produce handsome profits. And now, let me
pass to another matter—a very important matter. In the properties
to which I have referred we have no doubt that we have very valuable
holdings; but there is something else, the value of which it is
impossible at this moment to estimate. After much thought, much con-
sideration, and mainly through the indefatigable exertions of some of your
directors, we have acquired a process for the treatment of complex and
refractory ores, which we believe will be of inestimable value to the
mining industries of the world. This process has been tried. Practical
trials of supreme importance and of all sorts of complex and refractory
ores have taken place, with results which more than justify the anticipated
possible expectations. The process will revolutionise tin and copper mining
in the county of Cornwall. It will make possible an absolute recovery of
the various mineral constituents of most of the refractory or complex ores
subjected to it. In support of what I have stated—and it has been stated
with the concurrence, and at the request, of my co-directors—sulphide ores
containing zinc and lead intimately mixed with copper, gold, silver, and
other metals have been treated by the process with most gratifying suc-
cess, and I am also authorised by the technical directors of your board to
say with results to the fullest possible satisfaction of our experts. I may
add that pitchblende from the Trenwith Mine has been subjected to this
process with great success, which will no doubt tend to increase the value
of our financial interest in that mine. Apart from the interest in the Tren-
with, the pitchblende, uranium oxides, and bromide of radium, there will
be the valuable interests arising from the process of which I have told you.
What this will mean to your Company time alone—not far distant—will
show. Later on, those of you who hold ls. shares of the Company—not to
mention the valuable bonds of which you are holders—will no doubt shake
hands with yourselves when you reflect that you have been fortunate enough
to acquire the ls. shares of this Company at less than 20s. per share. I beg
to move: "That the report of the directors, together with the annexed
statement of the accounts duly audited, be received, approved, and adopted."

Mr. Sigismund Moritz seconded the resolution, and it was carried unani-
mously.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

This Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The List Opened on FRIDAY, the 9th July, 1909, and will Close on or before TUESDAY, the 13th July, 1909.

THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

SHARE CAPITAL.

5 per Cent. First Preference Stock, issued	£1,200,000
5 per Cent. Second Preference Stock, issued	1,000,000
300,000 Ordinary (1911) Shares of £10 each, issued and fully paid	3,000,000
Ordinary Stock, issued	7,000,000
	£12,200,000

DEBENTURE CAPITAL.

4 per Cent. First Debenture Stock, issued	£2,925,000
4½ per Cent. Second Debenture Stock, issued	2,075,000
5 per Cent. Debenture Stock, issued	1,250,000
4½ per Cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock, issued	4,000,000
	£10,250,000

ISSUE OF £1,000,000 FOUR-AND-A-HALF PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED DEBENTURE STOCK.

Secured by a Trust Deed reserving to the Company the right to create further Debenture Stock for £1,000,000 (the present issue), carrying interest at 4½ per cent. per annum and ranking *pari passu* with the £4,000,000 Consolidated Debenture Stock already issued, and a further amount at the rate of £4,000 per mile of additional line hereafter acquired by the Company or of new line for the time being constructed or in course of construction, or about to be constructed (including the extra track taken at £4,000 a mile where existing lines are doubled) in excess of the mileage belonging to the Company in operation on May 28, 1907, and also for such a further amount as shall be sufficient to redeem prior issues at not exceeding the par value of the Stock for the time being redeemed, and any premium payable on redemption under the terms of the issue thereof.

At £103 per cent. payable as follows:—

£5 0 0 on Application.
15 0 0 „ Allotment.
25 0 0 „ August 24, 1909.
25 0 0 „ October 1, 1909.
33 0 0 „ on November 24, 1909.

Total £103 0 0 per £100 Stock.

Bearer Scrip will be issued to be exchanged for Debenture Stock Certificates on completion of all the payments, the Stock being transferable in amounts not involving a fraction of £1. The interest is payable by warrant to the Registered Holders of the Stock on January 1 and July 1 in each year. The first payment of interest will be made on January 1, 1910, and will be calculated on the instalments as due. Payment in full on allotment and on August 24 and October 1 can be made under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

The Directors of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, have authorised the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, and Martin's Bank, Limited, as bankers of the Company, to receive applications for £1,000,000 4½ per cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock of the Company, ranking *pari passu* with the existing issue of £4,000,000.

The whole or any part of the 4½ per Cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock is redeemable at any time at the Company's option after 30th June, 1920, at 110 per cent., on six calendar months' notice to the Stockholders. This Stock is secured by a charge upon the undertaking of the Company (subject to the First, Second, and Five per Cent. Debenture Stock), under Trust Deeds, dated 28th May, 1907, 11th October, 1907, 1st April, 1908, 26th May, 1908, and 1st July, 1909, made between the Company and the Trustees.

The Company owns and has in operation 1,204 miles of broad gauge (5 ft. 6 in.) railway in the Argentine Republic, extending westward from the City of Buenos Ayres to Villa Mercedes, the main line forming part of the system which is to connect the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard of the South American Continent. Beyond the branch lines already opened to public traffic the Company has under construction, or is about to construct, additional branches of a length of about 165 miles.

The Company also works the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway (666 miles now open) and the Villa Maria and Rufino Railway (141 miles). On the 1st July, 1907, the working of the Argentine Great Western and Argentine Transandine Railways (644 miles now open) was also taken over, and by this means, the control of the whole trans-continental line from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, in so far as it is situated in Argentine territory, has been secured by this Company; and with the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway and its recently constructed extensions, this Company has placed its system in direct communication with the rapidly developing Port of Bahia Blanca. The total length of the entire system now in operation is 2,654 miles. The results of past expenditure of Capital on the system now controlled and worked by the Company is shown by the following table:—

	1904-1905	1905-1906	1906-1907	1907-1908
Gross Receipts	£1,913,760	£2,392,943	£3,063,547	£3,656,772
Working Expenses	1,135,370	1,408,266	1,892,542	2,300,732
Net Receipts	£778,390	£984,737	£1,171,005	£1,356,040

Since the 1st July, 1908, the estimated gross receipts of the whole Pacific system to the 30th June last are £4,129,986, as against £3,656,772, an increase of £474,214.

The General Manager recently estimated that the maize crop in the zone served by the Company would be more or less double that of last year. He reports by cable under date of the 2nd instant as follows:—“Ploughing has been delayed in some parts due to drought, but it will continue for wheat crop till end July and for linseed till end August. Up to the present we have every reason to look for an increase in the area under cultivation, as we have not suffered so much from drought as other regions, and if rain falls soon the increase will be considerable. General prospects good.”

The expansion of all classes of traffic and the development of new districts have rendered it necessary to provide additional traffic facilities, and to increase the carrying capacity of the Railway generally. Dividends at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum have been paid on the Ordinary Stock of the Company since the year 1902-1903. The annual interest on the Company's Debenture Capital is £452,875, which will now be increased by £45,000. The proceeds of the present issue will be applied towards meeting the expenditure on branch lines, and the equipment of lines recently opened to public service, providing additional traffic facilities, and to the general requirements of the Railway. A preference in the allotment as regards 50 per cent. of this issue will be given to applications received before the actual closing of the list from existing Preference Stockholders and Ordinary Stock and Shareholders of the Company.

Applications on the form accompanying this prospectus, together with the deposit of £5 per cent., should be forwarded to the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or to Martin's Bank, Limited, 68 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

If no allotment is made the deposit will be returned without deduction. Should a smaller amount be allotted than applied for the surplus paid on application will be appropriated towards the balance

due on allotment. Non-payment of any instalment upon the due date will render the amount previously paid liable to forfeiture. Application will in due course be made to obtain a Stock Exchange quotation for this issue.

Apart from the contracts made by the Company in the ordinary course of business, the following have been entered into within the two years immediately preceding the date hereof: Contract dated July 16, 1907, and made between the Company, the Argentine Great Western Railway Company, Limited, and the Argentine Transandine Railway Company, Limited. Contracts made between the Company and Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price and Pott, and dated respectively October 11, 1907, November 28, 1907, April 1, 1908, May 26, 1908, and July 7, 1909, for the underwriting of this and previous issues. Under the last-mentioned contract the Company agrees to pay a commission of 3 per cent. in respect of the present issue. Contracts dated March 18, 1908, and June 19, 1908, and made between the Company and the Argentine Government. Contracts dated November 9, 1908, and May 19, 1909, and made between the Company and the Argentine Great Western Railway Company, Limited. Contract dated November 17, 1908, and made between the Company and the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Company, Limited. The above Contracts may be inspected at the Office of the Solicitors on any day while the List remains open, between the hours of 11 and 4. During the last two years the Company has paid underwriting commissions amounting to £132,500. The Preferred Stocks carry equal rights of attending meetings and voting with the Ordinary Stock and Shares, every £20 in Stock or Shares carrying one vote on a poll.

A Brokerage at the rate of quarter per cent. will be paid by the Company on allotments made to the public in respect of applications bearing a Broker's stamp.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, Dashwood House, 9, New Broad Street, London, E.C.; of the Bankers; and of Messrs. Sheppards, Pelly, Price, and Pott, the Brokers of the Company.

Registered Offices:
Dashwood House,
9 New Broad Street,
London, E.C.
8th July, 1909.

TRUSTEES FOR THE FOUR-AND-A-HALF PER CENT.

CONSOLIDATED DEBENTURE STOCK.

The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF COVENTRY.
JOHN SOAME AUSTEN.

DIRECTORS.

The Rt. Hon. LORD ST. DAVIDS (Chairman).
T. PENN GASKELL, M.Inst.C.E.
C. E. GUNTHER.
EDWARD NORMAN.
Hon. ARTHUR STANLEY, M.P.
F. O. SMITHERS (Managing Director).

BANKERS.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C.
MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, 68, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

BANKERS IN ARGENTINA.

THE ANGLO SOUTH AMERICAN BANK, LIMITED.

SOLICITORS.

ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP & CO., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

SHEPPARDS, PELLY, PRICE & POTT, 57, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

TURQUAND, YOUNGS & CO., 41, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY.

W. R. CRONAN.

This form of application may be used.

THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

ISSUE OF £1,000,000 4½ PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED DEBENTURE STOCK.

To the Directors of

THE BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to your Bankers the sum of £..... as a deposit of Five per cent. on application for £..... 4½ per cent. Consolidated Debenture Stock of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company, Limited, I request that this amount may be allotted to me, and I agree to accept the same, or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me, upon the terms of the Prospectus dated 8th July, 1909.

Ordinary Signature

Name (in full)*

Address

Date 1909.

* Please say whether “Mrs.,” “Miss,” “Reverend,” or give other distinctive description.

This Form is to be filled up and forwarded to the London Joint Stock Bank, Limited, 5 Princes Street, London, E.C., or Martin's Bank, Limited, 68, Lombard Street, London, E.C.

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